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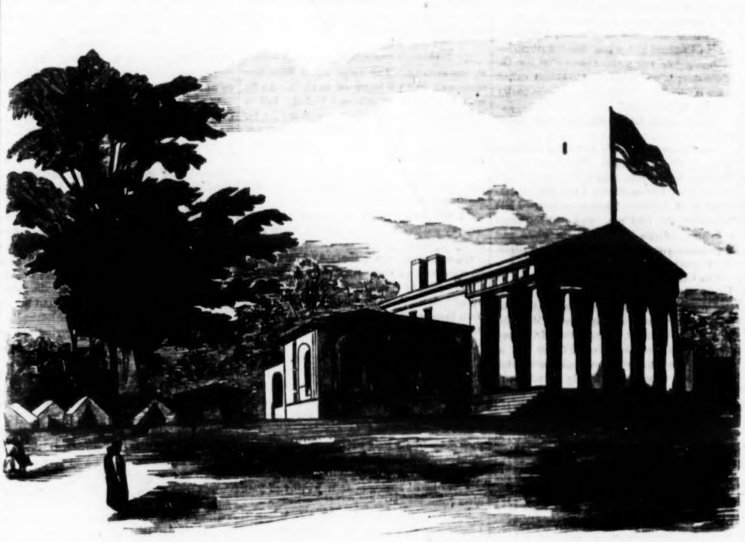
MOONLIGHT ON THE BEAVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Oh, I have stood on Beaver's bank
  And watched the silvery ripples going,
Across the water, where the breath
  Of summer's sweetest wind was blowing,
And thought although the poets sing
  Of arrowy Rhine, or Guadalquiver,
No other scene on earth could match
  The Moonlight on the Beaver River!

The green hills on the western shore
  Far in the dreamy distance lying,
The music of a splashing oar,
  The echos listlessly replying,
While past the balmy violet bank
  The singing eddies dance and quiver—
Oh, like a dream of heaven it seems,
  The Moonlight on the Beaver River!



ARLINGTON HOUSE, THE PROPERTY OF GEN. LEE, COMMANDER OF THE VIRGINIA DISUNIONISTS,

NOW OCCUPIED BY GEN. McDOWELL, COMMANDING U. S. FORCES IN VIRGINIA.

The following description of this celebrated building, is from a Washington letter in the N. Y. Herald:—

"We visited the celebrated Arlington House, the residence of Mr. Robert Lee, (the commander of the rebel forces in Virginia,) formerly that of George Washington Parke Custis. It is now the head-quarters of Gen. McDowell, commanding the Department of Fairfax county. The situation is a splendid one, commanding the whole city and a wide sweep of the Potomac. The Eighth New York Regiment, Colonel Lyons, is quartered here. They have their battery of light artillery.

"But the mansion is the memorable object. It is of the old Revolutionary style of architecture—solid, wide spread and low. The flying family have left but little in it, but, as if trusting to our reverence for their family ancestor, Washington, they have left many pictures and relics of him and of the Revolution. Hanging in the entry are the paintings of Revolutionary scene, painted in his old age by George Washington Custis himself. They are very spirited.

"The dining room is adorned with, among other things, three deer's heads, preserved from deer actually killed by George Washington. A fine engraving of the Duke of Wellington confronts a full length oil painting of 'Light Horse Harry,' as he was called, the father of Gen. Lee. A few books and letters lie about marked with the familiar and eminent names of Lee and Custis.

"When I thought how often Washington had walked on this noble portico, and enjoyed these lordly grounds, I felt sad to think it had become the duty of the soldiers of the republic to occupy it in the name of the republic and against the will of his disloyal heirs."

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW HOME.

In the gray, gray dawn of an August morning, I stood on a steamer about to clear out from alongside one of the wharves near London bridge, and bound for France. Scarcely dawn was it yet, for the night clouds still hung upon the earth, but light was breaking in the eastern horizon. The passengers were coming on board; not many: it did not appear that the boat would have much of a freight that day. I heard one of the seamen say so; *I* knew nothing about it; and the scene was as new to me as the world is to a bird, flying, for the first time, from a cage where it has been hatched and reared.

I was fifteen now, and had left Miss Fenton's for good; thoroughly well educated, in accordance with my age, for if the living was not good in her establishment, the system of instruction was; and now I was going to school in France.

I will not tell you precisely where this school was situated; I have my reasons: though I will honestly give you my experiences of the establishment. It was not at Boulogne, or at Calais, or at Dieppe, those three renowned seaports, inundated with Anglo-French schools; neither was it in Paris or Brussels; in short, I will not, as I say, indicate where it was. We can call the town Nulle, and that's near enough. It was kept by two ladies, sisters, the Demoiselles Barlieu. The negotiations had been made by my trustees, and Mrs. Hemson had brought me to London, down to the steamer on this early morning, and was now consigning me to the care of Miss Barlieu's English governess, whom we had there met by appointment. She was a Miss Johnstone, a very plain looking person, too young to maintain authority as a teacher, and dressed in a gray alpaca. Authority, however, I found she would have little in the school, she was engaged to teach English, and there her duties ended.

"You had better secure a berth, and lie down," she said to me. "The night is cold, and it is scarcely light enough yet to be on deck."

"Any ladies for shore?" cried a rough voice at the cabin door.

"Shore!" echoed Miss Johnstone in what seemed alarm. "You are surely not going to start yet! I am waiting for another young lady."

"It won't be more nor five minutes now, mum."

"A pupil?" I asked her.

"I believe so. Mademoiselle Barlieu wrote to me that two—"

"Any lady here of the name of Johnstone?"

The inquiry came from a middle aged, quiet looking person, who was glancing in at the cabin door. By her side stood a most elegant girl of eighteen, her eyes dark blue, her face brilliantly fair, her dress handsome.

"I am Miss Johnstone," said the teacher, advancing to the one who had spoken.

"What a relief! The steward thought no governess had come on board, and I must not have dared to send Miss Chandos alone. My lady—"

"You would, Hill; so don't talk nonsense," interrupted the young lady with a laugh, as she threw up her white veil and brought her beauty right underneath the cabin lamp. "Would the fishes have swallowed me up any the quicker, for not being in somebody's charge. Unfasten my cloak, Hill."

"This young lady is Miss Chandos, ma'am," said the person addressed as 'Hill,' presenting the beautiful girl to Miss Johnstone. "Please take every care of her going across."

The young lady wheeled round.

"Are you our new English teacher?"

"I am engaged as English governess at Mademoiselles Barlieu," replied Miss Johnstone. "They wrote to me that I might expect Miss Chandos and Miss Hereford on board."

"Miss Hereford!" was the quick response. "Who is she?"

But by that time I was lying down on the berth, and the rough voice again interrupted.

"Any lady as is for shore had better look sharp, unless they'd like to be took off to 'tother side the channel."

"What fun, Hill, if they should take off you!" laughed Miss Chandos, as the former started up with trepidation. "Now don't stumble overboard in your haste to get off the boat."

"Good-by to you, Miss Emily, and a pleasant journey! You won't fail to write as soon as you arrive: my lady will be anxious."

"Oh, I will gladden mamma's heart with a letter, as she will be thinking the bottom of the steamer is come out," lightly returned Miss Chandos. "Mind, Hill, you give my love to Harry when he gets home."

Those who were for shore went on shore, and soon we were in all the bustle and noise of departure. Miss Chandos stood by the small round table, looking in the hanging glass, and turning her shining ringlets round her fingers. On one of those fingers was a ring, whose fine large stones formed a heartsease: two were topaz, the other three dark amethyst: the whole beautiful.

"May I suggest that you should lie down, Miss Chandos?" said our governess, for the time being. "You will find the benefit of doing so."

"Have you crossed the channel many times?" was the reply of Miss Chandos, as she coolly proceeded with her hair, and her tone to the teacher was a patronising one.

"Only twice; to France and home again."

"And I have crossed it a dozen times at least, between school, and continental voyages with mamma, so you cannot teach me much in that respect. I can assure you there's nothing more horrid than stewing oneself in these suffocating berths. When we leave the river, should it prove a rough sea, well and good; but I don't put myself in a berth till then."

"Have you been long with the Miss Barlieus?" inquired Miss Johnstone.

"Two dismal years. But I have outlived the dismality now—if you will allow me to coin a word. Mamma has known the Barlieus all her life: an aunt of theirs was her governess when she was young: and when we were returning home from Italy she left me there, instead of taking me on to England. Was I not rebellious over it! for three months I planned, every day, to run away on the next."

"But you did not?" I spoke up from my berth, greatly interested.

Miss Chandos turned round and looked at me.

"No," she laughed, "it was never accomplished: I believe the chief impediment was, the not knowing where to run to. Are you the Miss Hereford?"

"Yes."

"What a bit of a child you seem! You won't like a French school, if this is your first venture in one. Home comforts and French schools are as far apart as the two poles."

"But I am not accustomed to home comforts; I have no home. I have been for some years at an English school where there was little comfort of any sort. Do your friends live in England? have you a home there?"

"A home it England!" she answered with some surprise at the question, or at my ignorance. "Of course—I am Miss Chandos. Chandos is mamma's residence: though, strictly speaking, it belongs to Sir Thomas."

All this was as so much Greek to me. Perhaps Miss Chandos saw that it was, for she laughed gaily.

"Sir Thomas Chandos is my brother; the eldest, you know. Harry is the other one. We thought Tom would have retired from the army and come home when papa died, three years ago; but he still remains in India. Mamma writes him word that he should come home and marry, and so make himself into a respectable man; he sends word back that he is respectable enough, as it is."

"Your papa was—?"

"Sir Thomas Chandos. Ah, dear! if he had but lived! He was so kind to us! Mamma remains in widow's weeds yet, and always will."

"And who was she who brought you on board?"

"Hill? She is the housekeeper at Chandos. Some one has always taken me over until this time, generally Harry. But Harry is away, and Miss Barlieu wrote word to mamma that the English governess could bring me, so Hill was despatched with me to town."

"What a beautiful ring that is!"

Her eyes fell upon it, and a blush and a smile rose to her face. She sat down on the edge of my berth and twirled it over with the fingers of her other hand.

"Yes, it is a nice ring. Let any one attempt to give me a ring that is not a nice one; they would get it flung back at them."

"Is Mademoiselle Barlieu's a large school?"

"Middling. There were seventy five last trimestre."

"Seventy-five!" I returned, in amazement. "What a many!"

"That includes the externes—I mean the out-door pupils. But I conclude you speak French. We have three school rooms: one for the elder girls, one for the younger, and the third for the externes."

"And how many teachers?"

"Teachers? Oh—let me see. There's Mademoiselle Barlieu, and Mademoiselle Annette Barlieu. Mademoiselle Annette is in our room, for she is more clever than her sister, and of course takes the first classes. There are three other teachers, one to each room, and there's the English teacher, who divides her time between the three rooms; and we have about six masters."

"Altogether do you like being there?"

"Yes," she said, laughing significantly, "I like it very well *now*. I am going on deck to watch the day break; so adieu for the present."

A rough passage; of which I cannot think to this day without—without wishing not to think of it; and late in the afternoon the steamer was made fast to the port it was bound for. In the midst of the bustle preparatory to landing, a gentleman, young, vain, and rather goodlooking, leaped on board, braving the douaniers, who were too late to prevent him.

"My darling! come at last!" I heard him whisper, as, in another minute, he was bending over Miss Chandos. I thought it must be the brother Harry she had spoken of, though the manner in which he took her hands and gazed into her eyes, was not much after a brotherly fashion, and his English betrayed a foreign accent.

"Speak in French, Alfred," she answered, taking the initiative and addressing him in the language, her damask cheeks, her dimples, and her dancing eyes all being something lovely to behold. "I have not come alone, as I wrote to you I thought I should; a duenna, in the shape of the English governess, has come with me."

"Six weeks you have been in England!" he reproachfully resumed.

"Mamma kept me. It is a long way, you know, to go for only a month. Besides that, she was in hopes Harry would be home to bring me back. When did you get here?"

"Three days ago. I left Paris—"

"Miss Chandos, the men are calling out that we must land."

The interruption came from Miss Johnstone, who had approached, looking keenly at the gentleman. The latter muttered an impatient word, by way of requital to the governess, and assisted Miss Chandos up the landing steps. Miss Chandos turned her head when she reached the top.

"Be so good as look in the cabin, Miss Johnstone; I have left a hundred things there, odds and ends. My warm cloak is somewhere."

Miss Johnstone looked anything but pleased. It is not usual for pupils to order their teachers to look after their things; and Miss Chandos was of somewhat imperious manner: not purposely: it was her nature. I turned with Miss Johnstone and we collected together the items left by Miss Chandos. By the time we got to the custom-house, she had disappeared. Twenty minutes after, when we and our luggage had been examined, we found her outside, walking to and fro with the gentleman.

"What about your boxes, Miss Chandos?" asked Miss Johnstone.

"My boxes? I don't know anything about them. I gave my keys to one of the commissionaires, and he will see to them. Or you can if you like."

"I do not imagine it is my business to do so," was Miss Johnstone's offended reply. But Miss Chandos was again occupied with her companion, and paid no heed to her.

"Hallos, de Mellissie! have you been to England?" inquired an English voice of Miss Chandos's cavalier.

"Not I," he replied. "I stepped on board the boat when it came in, so they took their revenge by making me go through the custom-house, and turning my pockets inside out. Much good it did them!"

An omnibus was waiting round the corner, in which we were finally to be conveyed to our destination, Mademoiselle Barlieu's. Seated in it was a little stout dame of fifty, with a good tempered face, Mademoiselle Caroline, the senior teacher, as I soon found. She received Miss Chandos with open arms and a kiss on each cheek. The gentleman politely handed us by turn into the omnibus, and stood bowing to us, bareheaded, as we drove away.

"Do you think him handsome?" Miss Chandos whispered to me, the glow on her face fading.

"Pretty well. What is his name?"

"Alfred de Mellissie. You can be good-natured, can't you?" she added.

"I can if I like," I answered, smiling.

"Then be so now, and don't preach it out to the whole school that he met me. He—"

"Is that gentleman a relative of yours, Miss Chandos?" interrupted Miss Johnstone from the end of the omnibus.

Miss Chandos did not like the tone or the question: the one savored of acrimony, the other she resented as impertinent. She fixed her haughty blue eyes on Miss Johnstone before she answered: they said very plainly, "By what right do you presume to inquire of me?" and Miss Johnstone bit her lips at the look.

"They are not related to us. Madame de Mellissie is an intimate friend of my mother, Lady Chandos." And that was all she condescended to say, for she turned her back and began laughing and chattering in French with Mademoiselle Caroline.

The Miss Barlieus received us graciously, giving us all the same friendly greeting that the old teacher had given only to Miss Chandos. Two pleasant, kind-hearted maiden ladies were they, not very young: Miss Annette confessed to having passed thirty-five. We were their visitors that evening, and were regaled with nice things in their own parlor.

I said I would give you the mode of treatment in that school; and I will. It was a superior establishment, the terms high *for France*; but they were nothing like so high as Miss Fenton's. Miss Fenton's charge was about a third higher, and at Miss Fenton's we had three month's holiday in the year: those who remained during the holidays had to be paid for extra. The Miss Barlieu's gave one month's holiday in the year; it was just over now, but the pupils could remain at school during that month without extra charge. A great many did remain.

The dormitories were spacious and airy, a small, separate, thoroughly clean bed being given to each pupil. No French school for either sex can be overcrowded, for they are under the close inspection of the government, and to do so would involve the loss of the license to keep one. A large, airy room is always set apart, and called the infirmary: if a pupil is sick she (or he) is instantly removed there, seduously nursed and tended, and on no account whatever may the infirmary be occupied by those in health.

Clang! clang! clang! went the great bell in the morning, waking us out of our sleep at six. Dressing, practising, lessons and prayers occupied the time till eight. Miss Johnstone read prayers to the English pupils, all Protestants; Mademoiselle Caroline read them to the French, who were Roman Catholics. For breakfast there was as much bread and butter as we liked to eat, and a small basin of good rich milk for each. Some of the English girls chose tea in preference, which they were at liberty to do. On Sunday mornings the breakfast was a treat; petits pains and coffee; a petit pain being a sort of roll. We had them hot, two each, and a small pot of butter. Such coffee as that we never get in England: one-third coffee, two-thirds hot milk, and strong then. Breakfast over, we played till nine, and then came studies till twelve.

The professed dinner hour was half-past twelve, but the cook rarely got it in before a quarter to one. We all dined together, including Miss Barlieu and Miss Annette, at two long tables. I remember the dinner, that first day, as well as if I had eaten it yesterday. A plateful of soup first, very poor, as all French soup is; after that the bouilli, the meat that the soup is made of. The English at first never like this bouilli, but in time they learn to know how good it is, eaten with the French piquante mustard. Sometimes we had carrots with the meat, sometimes small pickled cucumbers: this day it was cucumbers. Remembering Miss Fenton's I wondered if that comprised the dinner—and, talking of Miss Fenton's, I have never mentioned that in her house we were not allowed bread at dinner: here, if we could have eaten a whole loaf, we might have had it.

It did not comprise the dinner; there came on some roast veal and potatoes; delicious veal, two or three small onions, roasted with it, being served to each plate in the gravy: the French ate their potatoes apart: we ate them with the meat. After that we had fried pancakes, served with sugar. On Sundays we often had poultry in addition, and always an extra dish of vegetables, eaten apart from the meat; always a fruit or cream tart. The drink was the same as at Miss Fenton's, beer or water, as was preferred. Four or five of the girls had wine and water: but the wine was either supplied by the parents or paid for as an extra. It was commonly reported that in some other schools, in the colleges especially, the soup, the bouilli, bread and potatoes comprised the dinner *every day*, with a roast joint in addition on Sundays.

At two o'clock came school again till four, when we were released for half an hour, and had each a slice of bread and butter, called collation. Then school again till six, and supper at seven. The suppers varied; meat was never served, but vegetables were often: sometimes bread and cheese and salad; or bread and butter, with an egg, or with shrimps, or with cauliflowers and melted butter, or fried potatoes, and tea to drink. I think this was a more sensible mode of living than Miss Fenton's: altogether I can truly say that I experienced liberality and kindness all the time I continued at Miss Barlieu's; it was a far better home than the other.

But I have not got over the first day yet. In looking over her boxes, Miss Chandos missed a new velvet mantle; there was some commotion about it, and she was told that she ought to have watched more narrowly the visiting her trunks in the customs, where the missing article was supposed to be left. Miss Chandos took the loss equably, as she appeared to do most things. "Oh, if it's lost, mamma must send me over another," was her careless comment.

We were at our studies in the afternoon, when Mademoiselle Annette, who had not been in since dinner, entered. Our mode of sitting was different *here* from what it had been at Miss Fenton's. There, except when we were writing, we always sat on a hard form, no support whatever to the arms or to the back: of course, sitting in this position for hours together, stooping was the inevitable consequence, and many of the girls got a curve in the spine; or, as the saying ran, "grew aside." In France we sat at a sloping desk, on which our arms rested, so that the spine could not get fatigued. I never once, the whole period I stayed at Miss Barlieu's, saw a crooked girl. Mademoiselle Annette entered and came towards Miss Chandos.

"I understand," she began, "that you did not take any care of your boxes yourself at the custom-house; merely gave up your keys?"

A slight accession of color, and Miss Chandos turned round her fair bright face, acknowledging that it was so.

"But, my dear, that was evincing great carelessness."

"I don't see it, Mademoiselle Annette," was Miss Chandos's smiling dissent. "What are the commissionaries for, but to take charge of keys, and examine luggage?"

"Well, they have been up from the customs to say that the mantle was not left there. The commissionaire himself came he says everything taken out of your boxes was safely put in again."

"It was a beautiful mantle, Mademoiselle Annette, and I daresay somebody caught it up and ran away with it, when the man's attention was turned the other way. It can't be helped: there are worse misfortunes at sea."

"What gentleman was it that you were walking about with?" resumed Mademoiselle Annette.

"Gentleman?" returned Miss Chandos, in a questioning tone, as if she could not understand, or did not remember. "Gentleman, Mademoiselle Annette?"

"A gentleman who came on board to speak to you; and who assisted you to land; and with whom you were walking about afterwards, while the other ladies were in the custom-house?"

"Oh, I recollect now: I had forgotten. There was a gentleman who came on board: it was Monsieur de Mellissie." Very brilliant had Miss Chandos's cheeks become; but she had turned her face to the desk as if anxious to continue her studies, and Mademoiselle Barlieu saw it not.

"What took him on board?" resumed Mademoiselle Annette.

"As if I knew, Mademoiselle Annette!" lightly replied the young lady. "He may have wanted to speak to the captain—or to some of the sailors. He did not tell me."

"But you were promenading with him afterwards?"

"And very polite of him it was, to give up his time to promenade with me, while I was waiting for them to come out," replied Miss Chandos. "I returned him my thanks for it, Mademoiselle Annette. If the new English teacher had had a thousand boxes to clear, she could not have been much longer over it. I thought she was never coming."

"Well, my dear, do not promenade with Monsieur de Mellissie. It is not the right thing for a young lady to do: and Miladi Chandos might not be pleased that you should."

"On the contrary, Mademoiselle Annette, mamma charged me with twenty messages to give him, in trust for his mother," replied the undaunted girl. "I was glad of an opportunity of delivering them."

Mademoiselle Annette said no more: only charged the girls, as she quitted the room, to get ready their geography books, for she should return for that class in five minutes.

"I say, Emily Chandos, whatever's all that about?" asked a young lady.

"I don't care. It's that new English teacher who has been poaching! Alfred jumped on board as soon as we touched the side, and I stayed with him till the omnibus was ready—or till we were ready for the omnibus. *You* did not tell, Anne Hereford?"

"I have not spoken of it to any one."

"No; I was sure of that. It's that precious teacher. I did not like her before, but for this I'll give her all the trouble I can at my English lessons. Such folly for Mademoiselle Barlieu to engage a child; and she's no better. I could teach her."

"I heard Mademoiselle Annette ask her this morning if she was really twenty-one. So that's the age she must have given in," cried another girl, Ellen Roper. "She does not look it."

"As much twenty-one as I am," said Emily Chandos. "Anne Hereford, who are you to visit?"

"To visit?" I returned, in surprise. "How do I know that anybody will ask me?"

"Are there no names given in where you may visit, *if* asked?" inquired Ellen Roper.

"Names given in? I don't understand what you mean."

"Don't you know that when a pupil is placed at a French school, the parents, if they wish her to visit, give in the names of the families where she may visit, and the governess notes them down. If the first families in the place asked for her, she would not be allowed to go, unless the governess had received their names from the parents. It is not a bad rule."

"It is a precious bad one, Ellen Roper," retorted Miss Chandos. "When the Stapletons were passing through here, last spring, they invited me to the hotel for a day, and Mademoiselle Barlieu put her veto upon it, because their name had not been given in by mamma. Lady Stapleton came and expostulated: said her husband, Sir Gregory, was the oldest friend possible of the late Sir Thomas Chandos, had been for years, and that they would take every imaginable care of me, and she knew Lady Chandos would wish me to go. Not a bit of it: you might as well have tried to move the house, as to move Mademoiselle Barlieu: Miladi Chandos had not given her the name, she said, and she could not depart from the custom. Don't you remember what a passion I was in? Cried my eyes out, and would not do a single study. I'll tell you what you can do, Anne Hereford. When you get acquainted with any of the families here, and are invited out, you must write home, and ask them to give in the names to Mademoiselle Barlieu. She'll let you go then."

Write home! What home had I to write to?

The next morning Miss Chandos had a letter from her home. Lady Chandos had discovered that the velvet mantle, by some unaccountable mischance, had not been put into the boxes. She would forward it after her.

CHAPTER X

EMILY CHANDOS.

Ere many weeks went by, there was war to the knife between the English teacher and Emily Chandos. The latter's dislike swayed also that of many of the scholars, for she, with her beauty, her gaiety, and her generous wilfulness, was excessively popular in the school, doing nearly as she liked, except of course with the Demoiselles Barlieu. For myself, I can truly say I had learnt to *love* Emily Chandos. She had her faults: what girl is without them? She was vain, petulant, haughty when she pleased, and—I do think—selfish. But I know that she possessed the secret of taking hearts by storm. Now Miss Johnstone, on the contrary, very few could like: there was something in her repelling to most people; and she took care that her manners should be especially repelling to Emily Chandos. She was over strict with her class; she was over strict with her lessons and exercises; and once she went the length of reporting her to Mademoiselle Annette for some trifling fault. Miss Chandos was not of a nature to take this easily, or without retaliation, and many petty vexations were lavished on the English teacher. Her soubriquet in the school was "Peg Johnstone," the girls called her nothing else, whether she might be within hearing, or not. Her name was Margaret, but she had incautiously left an open letter about, received from some friend, wherein she was called nothing but "Peg." That was quite enough for the school, and henceforth it was "Peg Johnstone." There was a good joke one day. A new English girl entered as weekly boarder, her friends living in the town. She went up in the hearing of the whole room and addressed her as "Miss Peg," believing that to be her name. You should have seen Miss Johnstone's dark and angry face: and you should have seen the dancing eyes of Emily Chandos.

I picked up scraps of information, touching Alfred de Mellissie; not much in the whole. Madame de Mellissie, an English lady, and Lady Chandos had been intimate friends in early life, but when the former married Monsieur de Mellissie, and took up her abode in France, relations between them gradually dropped. To be renewed, however, on the return of Lady Chandos from Italy, two years previous to the present time. In passing through Paris she sought out her old friend, who was then staying near St. Cloud. Madame de Mellissie was delighted, and compelled her and Emily to remain a week with her. Her only child, Alfred, was away, so with him they made no acquaintance. The week over, Lady Chandos continued her journey to England, leaving her daughter on the way at Mademoiselle Barlieu's. Eighteen months went on, rather more, and then Madame de Mellissie came towards the coast for change of air, fixing her abode at Nulle. Her son was with her; and it was thus that Emily Chandos made her acquaintance with him, for she was frequently invited by his mother. Madame de Mellissie remained four months, and her son escorted her back to Paris: but now here he was, at Nulle again.

The school said (for you never yet knew a school that would be silent) that his attraction was Emily Chandos. Emily laughed when she heard them; but denial she made none. They said another thing—that that valuable ring she wore, the heartsease, had been his gift; and still there was no direct denial, though Emily accused them of being too fond of jumping to conclusions. Pretty freely were the bearings of the affair discussed in Emily's hearing, by some of the elder English girls who knew her position in home society.

"She cannot think seriously of it," Ellen Roper observed one day to a knot of the girls. "It is a thing, you know, that never could be countenanced by the Chandoses."

"Why?" asked I, in my innocence.

"Why! Because she's Miss Chandos; that's why. Fancy an English girl of good family and fortune marrying a jackanapes of a Frenchman. The De Mellissies may be all very well, *for* French, but Monsieur Alfred is no match for Miss Chandos."

"Ellen Roper, I am within hearing, I beg to inform you," said Miss Chandos from half way down the desk, her face in a lovely glow.

"That is just why I said it," returned Ellen Roper, who, however, had not known Emily was near, and started at sound of her voice. "I daresay he has not, at the very most, above a thousand pounds a year; a very fair patrimony for a Frenchman, but nothing for Miss Chandos."

"Go on, Ellen Roper! I'll tell something of you by-and-by."

"And, setting aside everything else, there's another great barrier," went on Ellen Roper, half from love of talking, half from a little spice of mischief. "The De Mellisses are Roman Catholics; while the Chandos family are staunch, out-and-out Protestants. Lady Chandos would almost as soon give Emily to the Grand Turk, as to Alfred de Mellissie."

"If you are a fool, Ellen Roper, I never till now knew you could be a knave," burst forth Emily Chandos, in an indignant whisper, as loud as she dared to make it. "Are you proclaiming this for the benefit of Peg Johnstone?"

The startled girls turned. There, sure enough, was Miss Johnstone, who must have entered unperceived, standing behind and listening. We wondered how long she had been there.

"You are wanted in the salon, Miss Chandos," said a servant at this juncture, coming in with a card in her hand. She spoke in French, of course, as did the ladies Barlieu, always: in fact it was the language of the school universally, though I deem it expedient to translate it into English. Our own private conversation among ourselves, we English girls, was carried on in English, though it was against the rules, and we should have been punished had it been known, only during the time we were with Miss Johnstone at our English lesson we had to speak English: that was all.

"I am wanted?" returned Emily Chandos in *surprise* to the servant. "Who is it?"

"I don't know, Mademoiselle. It's a lady and gentleman, and the lady gave this card."

Emily took it. "Mrs. Trehern." "I don't know her from Adam," she exclaimed, as she leaped away, card in hand.

Presently she came back with a radiant face, and presented herself to Mademoiselle Annette, who was in the class then.

"Oh, mademoiselle, some friends are here, and they wish me to go out with them. Will you give me permission? It is Mr. and Mrs. Trehern."

"Trehern? Trehern?" repeated Mademoiselle Annette. "I don't remember that name on your visiting list."

Emily knew quite well it was not there, since this was the first time she had seen either of the parties: but she had trusted to the good luck of Mademoiselle Annette's believing that it was.

"Mamma will be so vexed if I do not go. She is very intimate with the Treherns. They have only just come to the town, and are stopping at the Hotel du Lion d'Or."

Which concluding words gave us the clue to Emily's eagerness for the visit. For it was at that renowned hotel that Mr. Alfred de Mellissie was sojourning. Mademoiselle Annette was firm.

"You know the rules of the school, my dear. We have heard nothing of these gentle people from your mamma, and it is impossible that you can be allowed to go."

Emily Chandos carried back her excuses to the salon, and after school gave vent to her mortification in a private outburst to us.

"Such a dreadful shame, these horrid French rules! As if the Treherns would have poisoned me! But I despatch a letter to mamma to-night to get permission. They are going to stop a month at Nulle."

"Have they just come from England?"

"Not at all. She is French, and never was in England in her life. She is a friend"—dropping her voice still lower—"of the De Mellissies; it was through Alfred they called upon me to-day. They came to Nulle partly because he was here."

"Then does Lady Chandos not know them?"

"She knows him. We know the Treherns well; a Cornish family. This one, young Trehern, fell in love with a French girl, and has married her—a friend, I tell you, of Madame de Mellissie's. They were married last Thursday, she told me. She had the most ravishing toilette on to-day: a white and blue robe: you might have taken it for silver. She's nearly as young as I am."

The letter despatched to Lady Chandos by Emily set forth the praises of Mrs. Trehern, and especially dwelt upon the fact that she was a "dear friend" of Madame de Mellissie. Not a word said it, though, that Mr. Alfred was stopping at the Lion d'Or, or yet at Nulle. And there came back permission from Lady Chandos for Emily to visit them. Emily was in her glory.

A great apparent friendship sprang up between her and young Mrs. Trehern, who was something like herself, inexperienced and thoughtless. She was of good family, pleasing in manners, and quite won the hearts of the Miss Barlieus. Often enough did she come there; her object always the same—to take out Emily Chandos. At length they began to grumble: Mademoiselle Chandos went out too frequently, and her studies were getting in arrear. Emily protested it was her mamma's wish and pleasure that she should take advantage of the sojourn of Mrs. Trehern in the place to go out, and exhibited part of a letter from Lady Chandos, in which the same appeared to be intimated. Mademoiselle Annette shook her head, and said it was a good thing the month of Mrs. Trehern's stay was drawing to its close.

Now it happened, fortunately or unfortunately, the reader must judge, that an uncle of Miss Johnstone's came to France, and passed through Nulle on his way to Paris. He naturally invited his niece to spend the few hours of his stay with him, telling her she might bring any one of the young ladies with her. She chose me, (to my own surprise: perhaps the reason was that I had never taken an active part in annoying her as some of the rest had) and the Miss Barlieus allowed me to go; for they looked upon it, not that I was about to pay an indiscriminate visit, but going out with one of the governesses, under her safe convoy and companionship.

"Where are you off to, little Hereford," demanded Emily Chandos, who was attiring herself before the one glass in the bed-room when I went up with the like purpose, for she was to spend the afternoon with the Treherns.

"Miss Johnstone's uncle is at the Lion d'Or, and she has asked me to dinner there. We are to dine at the table d'hote."

"The Lion d'Or!" cried Emily, turning round. "What a chance! to have that sharp-sighted duenna, Peg, planted at the same table!"

"What, do you—do the Treherns dine at the table d'hote?"

"Where else should they dine? The hotel is too full, just now, to admit of private dinners."

Mr. Johnstone came for us, and we walked about, looking at the old town, till six o'clock, the dinner hour. A novel scene to me was that crowded dining-room, with its array of company, of waiters, and of good cheer; so novel that for some time I did not notice four seats, immediately opposite to us, quite vacant. All eyes were raised at the four who came in to fill them. Mr. and Mrs. Trehern; she dressed elaborately, perfectly; not a fold of her robe out of place, not a hair of her many braids. Following her came Alfred de Mellissie and Emily Chandos, with her gay and sparkling beauty.

"Just look there, Miss Hereford! do you see that?"

Miss Johnstone's words were uttered in a low tone of consternation. I *would not* understand to whom she alluded.

"See what, Miss Johnstone?"

"Miss Chandos," she answered, devouring Emily with her eyes. "I wonder if the Demoiselles Barlieu know that while she has been pretending to visit the Treherns, it has been a cloak for her meeting that Frenchman?"

"Oh, Miss Johnstone! she *has* visited the Treherns."

"I can see through a mill-stone," was Miss Johnstone's cold answer.

Never were more defiant looks cast upon a teacher than Emily Chandos threw over the table at Miss Johnstone. That the latter provoked them by her manner there was no doubt. I think—I always had thought—that she was envious of Miss Chandos, though whence or why the feeling should have arisen I cannot say. They were the most distinguished group at table, Mr. Trehern and his wife, Monsieur de Mellissie and Emily; and the waiters treated them with marked distinction: even the appurtenances of their dinner were superior, for none others within the range of my view ventured upon sparkling Moselle and ice. They rose from table earlier than many, Emily throwing me a laughing nod, as she took Alfred de Mellissie's arm to follow Mr. and Mrs. Trehern, but vouchsafing not the slightest notice of Miss Johnstone.

"She may take her leave of it," I heard the latter whisper to herself.

Mr. Johnstone did not mend the matter, or his niece's temper. "What a lovely girl that is!" he exclaimed. "She is English."

"Yes," answered Miss Johnstone, her lips parting with acrimony. "She is one of my pupils."

"One of your pupils! How is it she did not speak to you, then? She took no notice of you, that I saw."

Miss Johnstone made no reply, but the acrimony on her lips grew sharper.

As we left the dining-room we passed the salon occupied by the Treherns. A social party they seemed: coffee on the table, and those four round it.

Mr. Johnstone conducted us back to school in the evening. The large outer door was open, and he took leave of us at it. As he walked away, I turned, and had the bell of the inner door in my hand, about to ring for admission, when Miss Johnstone stopped me.

"Not yet. Don't ring yet. I shall not enter just at present."

"But—you are not going out again, are you, Miss Johnstone? Mademoiselle Annette said we must be in before nine."

"I tell you I shall not enter yet," she sharply answered. "Are you my mistress?—or am I yours?"

Of course she was mine. And all I could do was to follow her. She went out into the street again, to the opposite side, and paced up and down it. Ten minutes or so we had been thus occupied, when she suddenly drew me within a doorway, precisely opposite Mademoiselle Barlieu's.

It was as I thought: she was watching for the return of Emily Chandos. The latter came up on the arm of Alfred de Mellissie, Mrs. Trehern's maid following at a respectful distance. At the school-door they made a halt to converse and to say farewell. But they were pretty long over it, and Miss Johnstone crossed the street and stood close to them. Emily was the first to observe her.

"*You* here! spying! It is worthy of you, Miss Johnstone!"

"Spying after you. Monsieur de Mellissie, I believe it would not be satisfactory to the Miss Barlieus—"

"Good night, Alfred," interrupted Emily, contemptuously. "Pay no attention to *her*: she's nothing but the English teacher."

He wrung her hand, lifted his hat to me, and walked away, while Emily sounded a loud peal on the inner bell.

I heard no more, knew no more till the next morning after school. And then I was summoned to the salon. Miss Johnstone had lodged a formal complaint against Emily Chandos, and called me as a witness.

"Seated at the table d'hote with Monsieur Alfred de Mellissie! with him in the private salon afterwards!" echoed Mademoiselle Annette. "It is not to be believed."

"I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Trehern, and he happened to be their guest yesterday also," returned Emily Chandos, her eyes sparkling anger and her cheeks glowing.

"How frequently has he been their guest when you have been with them?" demanded Mademoiselle Annette.

Emily did not answer. It would not do to answer "Always," and she disdained to equivocate.

"You are wandering from the most important part of the accusation," interrupted Mademoiselle Barlieu, speaking for the first time. "Is it true, or is it not, Mademoiselle Emily Chandos, that you came back to school last night accompanied by Monsieur Alfred de Mellissie?"

Emily was obliged to answer—"thanks to that detestable spy," she muttered—that it was true.

"And do you think it is right or seemly for a young lady to be seen walking through the town at night with no other protector? or with such a protector at all? You know the customs and ideas of our country are against it," emphatically pronounced Mademoiselle Barlieu.

"Where was the harm of it, mademoiselle?" replied Emily, in desperation. "He did not eat me."

How stupid she was! Was she going to brave it out? The Demoiselles Barlieu threw up their hands and eyes. Miss Johnstone made the mischief worse.

"I should be highly culpable were I to conceal my opinion," she exclaimed. "I fear the affair is serious—that he is contemplating the making Miss Chandos his wife."

"Nonsense!" irritably responded Mademoiselle Annette. "What are you thinking of, Miss Johnstone?"

"There is a great deal more fuss being made than need be," cried Emily, who was losing her temper. "But I will take care not to come home with Monsieur de Mellissie again, mesdemoiselles, as it is not approved of. You understand, I hope, that Mrs. Trehern's maid was attending me."

"My dear," said Mademoiselle Barlieu, in her quiet, firm tone, so different from the somewhat impulsive manner of her sister, "you will not again have the opportunity given you. I cannot possibly allow any young lady in my establishment to run the risk of being talked of. And had I not believed you possessed more prudence, you certainly would never have gone out."

"Do you mean, mademoiselle, that I am not to go out in future when invited?" asked Emily, her heart beating visibly.

"Most decidedly you will not. I am astonished that you should ask the question. I shall write to-day to Miladi Chandos, to tell her what has occurred, and that I cannot allow you again to visit one so little capable of taking proper charge of young ladies, as Mrs. Trehern has proved herself to be. If miladi chooses to sanction still your visits to others, it is very well, but I wash my hands of it, and—"

"Oh, mademoiselle, pray don't write to mamma!" interrupted Emily, in evident alarm.

"Not write!" repeated Mademoiselle Barlieu. "You cannot know what you ask. Your conduct has rendered it obligatory."

And it was known throughout the school that the letter was written and despatched by that night's post.

"If I live I will pay *her* out," exclaimed Emily Chandos; meaning Miss Johnstone.

Did the sending of that letter bring on the catastrophe? did it wholly cause it? or only expedite it? or had it nothing to do with it? I cannot say. The next day Mrs. Trehern called during afternoon school. Emily was allowed to see her; but, with her, went Mademoiselle Barlieu. Some sort of explanation took place, and Mrs. Trehern was informed that Miss Chandos could not visit her again. She left, and Emily returned to the class, but the English lesson, which we had been taking, was over then. Over in disgrace, for none of us had done well; at least, Miss Johnstone said we had not. By way of punishment, she protested she should make us finish it after supper.

We had bread-and-butter and shrimps for supper that night—I shall always remember it; and we prolonged it as much as we could, drinking three cups of tea each, and eating as many shrimps as we could get. Emily Chandos did not appear, and Mademoiselle Caroline—who had viewed the scandal, touching Alfred de Mellissie, with shocked displeasure—would not allow her to be called, saying she was "sulking." But the supper, spin it out as we would, could not last all night, and Miss Johnstone, as good as her word, called us up with our English books.

"Go and find Miss Chandos," she said to me. "She has chosen to go without her supper, but she shall not escape her lesson."

I went; and came back, saying she was neither in her bedroom nor the play-room; in fact I could not find her.

"Miss Chandos do you want?" spoke up one of the French girls. "She is gone out to pay a visit: I saw her with her things on at dusk."

"That's the way Mademoiselle Barlieu keeps her word, is it?" muttered Miss Johnstone in an under tone. And very cross she was to us throughout the lesson.

Bed-time came. The little ones had gone, and we were waiting to go. Mademoiselle Caroline sent to the Miss Barlieu's salon to inquire why Miss Chandos was not in, or whether she had leave to stop out later. Mademoiselle Annette returned with the messenger.

"But you are silly," she exclaimed, "sending to ask about Emily Chandos. I don't comprehend. She is not out."

"She is not in," returned Mademoiselle Caroline. "She was not at supper, but we thought she was sulky, and would not come."

"Well, where is she?" cried Mademoiselle Annette.

Where indeed? The house was searched, but Emily Chandos was not in it. Next, the town was searched—at least every part of it where she was likely to be. The full calamity did not burst upon us until the next day. Emily Chandos had departed with Alfred de Mellissie.

Mademoiselle Barlieu took to her bed and kept it: the blow had utterly prostrated her. Mademoiselle Annette showed her grief and consternation in a different way—by going about the house and lamenting openly. To simulate concealment would have been folly, for the unhappy fact was fully known to the youngest child in the school, to the lowest of the servants. A telegraphic despatch went off to Lady Chandos.

"It all comes of that indiscriminate visiting!" uttered Mademoiselle Annette, sobbing and wringing her hands. "I said to my sister ten times, Miladi Chandos was wrong to allow it. But she did allow it; and we are not responsible. With her own pen she wrote to my sister that Emily was to visit Madame de Mellissie as often as the latter asked for her: with her own pen she wrote that she was to visit that imprudent Madame Trehern! It is not our fault! it is not; and the world cannot say it is."

The despatch to Chandos House brought a gentleman back. He was called "Mr. Chandos," and we supposed him to be Emily's brother. He was taken up stairs to hold an interview with Mademoiselle Barlieu, who had not quitted the bed of grief. Mademoiselle Annette saw him in the drawing-room, and we heard her talking loud and fast with broken voice and streaming eyes. I was crossing the foot of the inner stairs as he descended them from his visit to the bed-chamber. A tall man, with a pale face and sad expression of countenance.

"Do not distress yourself," he was saying to Mademoiselle Annette. "I can see that it has resulted from no want of care on your part. Emily is alone to blame."

What made me gather myself against the wall in a dark nook and gaze at him? Not the deep, mellow tones, the sweet expression of voice in which the words were uttered. No: that they were all that, did strike upon my ear; but something else struck upon my sight—his face and form. Where could I have seen him before? That I had seen him, or somebody wonderfully like him, was indisputable: but, tax my memory as I would, I could not recall when or where.

"What are you hiding there for? To admire Mr. Chandos?"

The speaker was Ellen Roper, who had come up, and saw me gazing after his retreating figure.

"No. I was not thinking of admiration."

"Were you not? I never saw a handsomer man: but not the least like Emily. Have you heard that there's a telegraphic despatch arrived from Monsieur de Mellissie?"

"No. When did it come? Does it say where they are?"

"He telegraphs from England to Mademoiselle Barlieu. To say they were married yesterday by special license. Miss Johnstone says those special licenses cost fifty guineas, and that they could not have been married so hastily with any other. I don't know whether it's true, that they do cost so much. She's looking green, is Peg: perhaps she had hoped for worse news of her old enemy."

"It might have been worse. What a relief for Mademoiselle Barlieu!"

"Worse!" returned Ellen Roper, "worse? As if anything worse could overtake Miss Chandos!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPERIAL BARBARISM.—Once upon a time there was an artist who made a glass bowl that would not break. He was admitted to the chamber of the Roman emperor, to whom he made a present of his work. After Cæsar had sufficiently admired it, the artist asked to be allowed to exhibit an experiment, and, taking the bowl of the emperor, dashed it to the ground. Everybody thought it would be dashed to pieces, but the artist lifted it up and showed that it was only just bruised, which was soon set right with a little hammer. The astounded emperor inquired, "Does any one else know your secret?" "None, my lord." "Then none ever shall," quoth the emperor—"strike off his head!" and so the poor artist was beheaded. A similar story is told of the inventor of the Strasbourg clock, whose eyes were put out by his employers, lest he should ever exceed his own work; and of a certain Russian architect, whose genius was so highly prized that the Czar had him put to death after the erection of some splendid palace, lest he should rival it by another still more beautiful. This sort of reward was a sorry encouragement to inventors.

CHARLES VI., King of France, was insane during the greater part of his reign. That he had lucid intervals, when he was sharp enough, the following will show:—Some French lords of high rank, and one or two nearly allied to the King, were in captivity in Turkey, in the hands of Sultan Bajazet, and it was a question of sending an embassy, with handsome presents to the Sultan, to procure their release. The Duke of Berry, the King's uncle, strongly objecting to the sending of handsome gifts to a recreant pagan King, Charles said—"Good uncle, if this pagan King should send you a fine jewel or piece of plate, should you refuse it?" "I should consider of it," said the Duke of Berry. The King knew that it was not long since the Duke had received from Bajazet a ruby worth £500.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

LESSON NUMBER ONE.

The repulse of the United States forces at "Great Bethel" seems to be fairly attributable to the incompetency either of General Pierce or General Butler, or of both. These generals are from Massachusetts, and were civilians up to the commencement of the present hostilities. Gen. Butler appears to possess many of the qualifications which fit a man for military command—but, on the other hand, it is questionable whether any natural gifts can entirely make amends for a reasonable degree of experience in practical military affairs.

General Pierce avers that he did the best he could—says he was entirely ignorant of the existence of any stream at Great Bethel, or of the formation of the ground. It is alleged, however, that he completely "lost his head" on the field of battle, and the general opinion of those under him seems to be that he is incompetent.

While we think it incumbent upon the press and the public to deal justly with all men, we are decidedly of the opinion that it is true charity to hold all military leaders to a stern responsibility. And especially in the numerous cases in which mere civilians have sought high commands in the present war, is it necessary that they should be taught that contempt and ridicule are to be their portion if they should prove to be unqualified for the prominent positions which they are holding. It seems to us, we confess, almost the height of presumption for any civilian, no matter what his natural talents may be, to accept the post of General. Colonel, it seems to us, is an authority sufficiently high for any untried man to be invested with. No man knows whether he will be able to command his wits on the field of battle, and under a heavy fire, until he is tried. Even the recollection of the commonest military commands may be jostled from his memory by the unusual surroundings and the tremendous responsibilities of the battle field. Therefore we would have the fools who rush in where wise men fear to tread, scourged out again without pity, as soon as their incompetency is proven upon them. And more—we do hope that the governing powers will take warning also in this matter, and remember that they also will be held accountable for the mischief which may ensue from such inconsiderate appointments. Let all high appointments, as far as possible, be of men who have had both a military education and seen fire—and not be given to mere politicians on account of the influence they are supposed to possess, or even to acknowledged statesmen. Put these gentlemen through a battle or two as Colonels—they can do mischief enough even then, if they are incompetent—and advance them if they show the necessary ability. But do not—except as an absolute necessity—elevate mere untried civilians to places where both military talent and military experience are required.

A CONFIRMATION.

A recent letter from Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *London Times*, to that influential journal, is interesting as confirming, by strong testimony, the charge that an anti-republican spirit is at the bottom of the Secession movement. Our readers will find, by reference to Mr. Russell's testimony—which we republish in THE POST—that the leading South Carolinians go so far as to regret the separation from Great Britain. If they only could have a scion of the royal family of England to reign over them, they would be content. While, in a subsequent letter, Mr. Russell states that an Ex-Governor of Alabama had said to him:—"Sooner than submit to the North *we will all become subject to Great Britain again*."

Although we do not doubt that such is the feeling of the wealthy and prominent men in South Carolina—and, perhaps, among the Secessionists in all the States—we are far from believing that this is the feeling of the great majority of the common people. If these latter really knew in what light they were regarded by their leaders—and how they were being used by men who, in their inmost hearts, despise them—they would abandon the Secession cause at once.

As to South Carolina, every reader of American history knows that she was more deeply infected with Toryism during the Revolutionary era than any other of the colonies. A majority, probably, of her planters were in heart devoted loyalists, and a large number avowedly so. Left to herself, she would still have been a British colony. It is not, therefore, greatly to be wondered at that such sentiments as those expressed to Mr. Russell should be common among her wealthy citizens.

As to the South Carolina hatred against the New Englanders, which Mr. Russell alludes to, nothing could be more ridiculous. We in Pennsylvania, who are, both materially and spiritually, between the two sections, see how absurd the whole prejudice is. We do not mean to say that there is *no* reason for such prejudices on either side, but that they are absurd, in view of the immensity of the edifice and the slenderness of the foundation.

Introduce a South Carolinian to a New England man, get the two parties thoroughly acquainted, and three times out of four Palmetto will think Pine a fine fellow. Introduce him to a New England girl, one of those who, with clear white skin, rosy cheeks, and learned as Minerva, may be styled a feminine "red, white, and blue," and three chances out of four he falls desperately in love with her. Laugh at him for respecting a Yankee man, or loving a Yankee woman, and he will exclaim—"oh, but *they* are not Yankees—they are exceptions—they are at heart as warm as Southerners, with a little frost, I grant, on the outside."

The true secret of the matter is, that the South Carolinian has an imaginary Yankee always before his mental vision, which he supposes to be the real Yankee, and which is the result of a very faithful course of reading of violent political papers. The Yankee bugaboo of political editors in the South becomes the genuine Yankee of their readers—and, as the reading is all on one side in South Carolina, a false idea of what a New Englander is has grown up simply as the result of prejudice and ignorance. What is characterized as a Yankee is a hateful thing enough—but then, when you come to visit Yankee land, you find in the main an entirely different being.

The New Englanders have their faults, we grant—and so have the South Carolinians. The former are as warm-hearted as the latter—though not so impulsive and demonstrative. As to "Free Love," and all that nonsense, we consider the New Englanders the most *moral* people in the country. We should be surprised if the statistics, could they be obtained, did not prove that there was less *practical* "free love" in New England than in either the Middle, Southern or Western States—and if the Southern States, South Carolina inclusive, did not make rather a worse show in this respect than any other portion of the Union. We grant that in New England there are a great many ridiculous notions, because there are a great many notions of all kinds. Where there is a great deal of life, there always will be a great deal of folly. Nothing is so composed and "respectable" as dead log or a stone.

LIEUT. GREBLE.—We think our readers who peruse the account, in another column, of Lieut. Greble's services in the attack at Great Bethel, will agree with us that he was far better fitted to command a division than Gen. Pierce. He divined at once what mischief was going on, when he heard the firing in his rear; and afterwards saw with grief what folly it was to entrust the lives and honor of brave men to an incompetent commander, who seems not to have known enough either to advance or to retreat.

THE LOAN.—The whole of the three million six per cent. loan asked for by the authorities of Pennsylvania has been taken at par, and within our own limits.

HARPER'S FERRY.

The Disunion forces evacuated Harper's Ferry on the 15th—destroying the wooden part of the great bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and burning the telegraph station and the Government works, including eighteen out of the twenty armory buildings.

It is stated that a messenger from General Beauregard commanded the evacuation, in order to save them from being surrounded, and then forced to surrender. They retired in the direction of Winchester, with the object, probably, of uniting themselves with the main body of the insurgent forces, a large portion of which is understood to be posted at Manassas Junction. It is reported that General Beauregard's intention is to make a stand in that vicinity, and that he has strongly fortified his position, with the intention of forcing General Scott to attack him at that place. If so, it may be that he will be gratified—and it may be that he will not. It appears, evident, however, that many weeks will not pass now without important movements taking place, and very serious engagements.

MEETING OF PUBLISHERS.—A meeting of the publishers of the leading daily journals in the Northern cities is to be held at Washington, in order to provide against the embarrassment caused the Government by the premature publication of army movements—from which the Government has already suffered. The Government is unwilling to close the telegraph, and yet it is needful that something be done, as the enemy have already profited too much by these revealments. Some editors of leading journals seem selfish and silly enough to publish the whole plan of the campaign—illustrated with maps—if they could in any manner get hold of it.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—"Transparent colors," we judge, can be obtained at any store where they supply materials for the use of artists. There are a number of such stores in Philadelphia, and we suppose in every other large city.

LIEUT. GREBLE.

The obsequies of Lieut. Greble, a native of this city, killed in the recent action near Fortress Monroe, took place in Philadelphia on the 14th. The following account of his part in the fight was taken down from the lips of those who served in the action. We are indebted for it to the *Inquirer*:

On the 27th of May, Lieut. Greble was sent to Fortress Monroe with twenty-two regulars and four pieces of field artillery and other ordnance, and was appointed Ordnance-master at Newport News, for the instruction of volunteers in artillery practice.

It being understood on Sunday night that the enemy were within sixteen miles of Newport News, Gen. Butler gave orders to Gen. Pierce to proceed to displace them.

Lieut. Greble received orders to take two guns and eleven regulars, and one hundred volunteers. Two mules only could be obtained to draw one gun; the other gun was drawn by the men. Lieut. Greble went ahead with his first gun. Before daybreak he heard the report of firing in his rear. Procuring a wretched horse, the only one that could be obtained, he rode back to his other gun, a mile and a half in the rear, where he found his apprehensions—that it was our own men firing upon their fellow-soldiers—realized. Col. Benedix, of the New York regiment, was using Lieut. Greble's second gun to fire upon Col. Townsend's regiment.

Lieut. Greble called to them that they were firing upon their friends, and ordered them to desist. He was heard to exclaim that he would rather have been shot than have this accident occur. It appears that Col. Townsend's men were ordered to wear a white band on their arm, but no notice was given to Col. Bendix's regiment of the fact, and meeting them in the dark, he took them for enemies.

As soon as the confusion arising from the mistake was over, General Pierce ordered the troops to advance. No scouts were thrown out, nor were the troops aware of the vicinity of the enemy's batteries until they came within their fire. Lieut. Greble was ordered to unlimber his gun. He advanced, firing his gun alternately, until he came within two hundred yards of the masked battery of the rebels.

Soon after the firing commenced, he was left alone with his orginal command of eleven men, in an open road, the volunteers having retreated before the telling fire of the rifled cannon.

He worked his gun until he had silenced all those of the enemy except one rifled cannon.

The Zouaves made a demonstration, and only desired permission to have stormed the fort, but no general officer was seen from the commencement of the action, and fifteen hundred were kept lying on the ground for an hour and forty minutes, waiting for a command.

Lieut. Greble stood the brunt of the action for two hours; he was begged by several officers to retreat, but he refused. Lieut. Butler asked him at least to take the same care of himself that the rest did, and to dodge. He replied, "I never dodge, and when I hear the notes of the bugle calling a retreat, I shall retreat, and not before." The enemy made a sortie. Lieut. Greble said to Capt. Bartlett, who was standing alongside of him, "Now, Charley, I have something to fire at; just see how I will make them scamper." He immediately loaded with grape and fired, when the enemy at once retreated behind their entrenchment.

Seeing himself left entirely alone, with five men at his own gun, he turned to Corporal Peoples, and said "all he could do would be useless—limber up the gun and take it away." At this moment a shot struck him on the left temple. He immediately fell, and his only exclamation was "Oh! my gun!" The same ball went through the body of another man and took the leg off a third. Throughout the firing he had sighted every gun himself, and examined the effect of every shot with his glass. It was remarked by his own men that every ball was placed in the very spot that he aimed for. The men say that he exhibited the same coolness that he would on parade.

The enemy did not come out again until the Federal troops had been withdrawn a half hour.

Lieut. Greble did not spike his gun, but kept it charged in preparing to withdraw his command. The sergeant spiked it after the lieutenant was killed.

Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Warren brought his piece and his corpse from the field.

Of 3,500 men who were marched out, probably not more than a thousand were engaged at any one time. Lieutenant Greble and the Zouaves were left to fight the battle.

☞ Some one was speaking of the snow in New Hampshire as being three inches deep, when a Vermonter, anxious for the credit of his State, interrupted him with—"Why, darn it, we don't pretend to use snow in Varmount till it is three years old."

NEWS ITEMS.

IMPERIAL THEATRICALS.—We find in the Sport, the following anecdote connected with the late theatrical performances at the Tuilleries:—"Eighty ladies were invited to this dramatic *soiree*. After the play, the Emperor and Empress graciously complimented the actors on their performance, and her majesty, addressing M. Montrose asked him how long it was since Alexandre Dumas' piece had been played at the Theatre Francaise. "Not for twenty years," replied Montrose. "In that case," replied her majesty, laughing, "pray say nothing about it, for there are several ladies here, who, though they will not own being thirty, have just assured me that they had seen it played at the Theatre Francaise."

THE BROOKLYN AGROUND.—The Charleston Courier of the 6th says:—A gentleman just arrived in this city from New Orleans, reports that the blockading steamer Brooklyn, at the mouth of the Mississippi, went ashore before he left, and that she careened to such a degree that her guns could not be made to bear on anything. He further reports that the inhabitants were alive in preparation for relieving the Brooklyn and placing her under Confederate attentions.

WHO RAN.—It is reported that one of the slaves at Newport News, on being questioned as to whether he had ran away from his master, replied: "No, golly, massa *ran away from me!* When he see de soldiers comin', he run like de debbil, I 'spec' he's gone to Richmond!"

GENERAL SCOTT'S age is a subject of frequent inquiry, and we have heard it alleged in his case, as in that of ex-President Buchanan, that the ladies' privilege of curtailing Time has been exercised; but the worthy Captain Pratt, who venerates General Scott, and is well posted, informs us that the hero was born on the 13th of June, 1786. He was consequently but 75 on Thursday, June 13th, 1861, and may hope to live ten years yet, with such a constitution as he has. The famous Austrian field marshal Radetzky was past eighty when he defeated Charles Albert, father of Victor Emmanuel, and lived, we think, to the age of ninety.

A LADY of New York city has, upon her own responsibility, made up and boxed off to Washington three hundred and sixty five shirts, five hundred Havelock cap-covers, and fifty-four green silk shades for the eyes.

MISS DIX writes from Washington to a lady of Philadelphia:—"I thank you for the Havelocks. I *never* can have too many. Should any one ask what they shall do for soldiers at a cheap rate, say make *Havelocks!*"

UNITED STATES TROOPS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.—Among other exploits of Captain Cole's command in the Potosi expedition, sent from St. Louis by General Lyon, was the seizure of the Jefferson County Herald, a little secession sheet, edited by Sam Raymond. The outside pages of the paper had already been struck off, and contained the usual quantity of secession matter. Captain Cole took full possession of the office, changed the title of the paper to the United States American Volunteer, called the printers out of his ranks, got up the editorial, and rushed the paper out in a hurry. The Pennsylvania volunteers at Alexandria were also publishing a paper.

THE rage for relics of departed heroes is frequently carried to a ridiculous excess. The flags which Col. Ellsworth seized and carried, the oil cloth on which he fell, &c., have been divided, and the pieces are carefully preserved by curiosity hunters. A resident of Paterson boasts of possessing and exhibiting a piece of cheese which the gallant Colonel had in his haversack! This has been divided in to a dozen parts and given to as many persons.—*Newark Daily.*

CAPTAIN BALL and his Secession cavalry, captured at Alexandria three weeks ago, were released on their taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. When they returned to Virginia they were at once ordered to leave the State.

LIEUT. SLEMMER.—The gallant commander of Fort Pickens had a fine reception in this city on the 12th.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN has written to Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, as follows:—"The papers of this morning state that Gen. Prentiss, commander United States forces at Cairo, has sent troops across the Ohio river into Kentucky. I have no official notice of such a movement, but I at once telegraphed Gen. Prentiss for the facts, and stated to him that, if the report was true, I disapproved his course, and ordered him to make no more such movements without my sanction previously obtained."

MRS. BEAUREGARD.—Mrs. Beauregard, the wife of the commander of the rebel forces, is in town, and last evening attended the church of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn, in company with a member of the New York press.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE National Intelligencer states that the Government will soon pay all the troops, including both the three year and three months' volunteers.

MANY officers of thorough military education are offering their services to the Government. Among those are many West Point graduates, now in civil life. Some of these will be appointed Colonels of the new regiments in the increase of the regular army. Each regiment will muster twenty-three hundred men.

THE steamer Canadian, from Quebec for Liverpool, struck on the 4th, on a field of sunken ice, eight miles south of Belle Isle, and sunk in thirty-five minues, causing the loss of twenty or thirty lives.

GENERAL LYON and staff, with 1,500 men, besides horses, wagons, artillery, camp equipage, ammunition, and provisions for a long march, left St. Louis, on Thursday, by steamer, for Jefferson City.

THE appointment of the Hon. Anson Burlingame has been changed from Austria to China.

IN east Tennessee the majority against secession is from 10,000 to 12,000.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—The Union ticket for Congress, with one exception, is all elected—May (Union) in Baltimore beats Winter Davis (coercion Unionist) by about 2,000 majority. The Union majority in the State is about 50,000.

SOUTHERN MEN IN THE NORTH.—A gentleman extensively acquainted in the Southern States, informs us that at this moment over one thousand Southern Union gentlemen are now sojourning in this city, for safety from the armed rabble now dominant in Southern cities. These parties are from the Mississippi cities from Memphis to New Orleans, and from probably every inland city in the slaveholding States. These parties are men of substance, who have fled from the turmoil of secession to the peace and quietness of Philadelphia. Many of them have lost large sums of money, and have reconciled themselves to the loss. The number of Southern ladies and children is also very great not only here, but all through the North. Many of them are the wives and daughters of secessionists, who know where true safety is to be found for their loved ones. Even Mrs. Beauregard is in the North. What a compliment to Northern manliness and chivalry.

☞ To vex another is to teach him to vex us again; injuries awaken revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.

THE REPULSE AT "COUNTY CREEK," OR GREAT BETHEL.

After the perusal of numerous accounts of this unfortunate affair, we give the following as the most reliable:

The attacking force, under Gen. Pierce, of Mass., was composed of regiments from Camp Hamilton, at Hampton, and from Newport News. The regiments were Duryea's N. Y. Zouaves, Col. Townsend's N. Y. regiment and Col. Bendix's regiment, with two field pieces, in charge of Lieut. Greble, of the regular army. It was a night attack, and when the two columns met they mistook one another for the enemy, and fired, causing a loss of 2 killed and 8 wounded in Col. Townsend's regiment. This firing apprised the enemy of their approach, and a camp at Little Bethel, which they had designed surprising, made their escape.

The columns having at last united, and been reinforced by three additional regiments, over 5,000 in all, pushed on to Great Bethel. The county bridge, where the battle of Monday was fought, is near the head of a branch of Back river, and better known as Great Bethel. After crossing a narrow, but apparently deep stream, the road deflects somewhat to the left along its side. Just beyond the bridge the rebels had planted their battery, consisting of at least one 12 pound rifled cannon and two field pieces. Some accounts say twenty.

The line of the rebel entrenchments then followed the right side of the road, with a ditch only between them. The position was excellently chosen, the stream and morass on the left side of the road widening, rendering futile any attempt to outflank the rebels on that side. The formation of the ground on the right side made a flank movement very circuitous.

The first intimation of their proximity to a battery, was a sharp discharge of artillery upon our Zouaves, who twice attempted to carry the work, but were unable to pass the stream, and were compelled to fall back among the trees. The Zouaves and Col. Townsend's charged the works. Captain Kilpatrick says:—"Captains Winslow, Bartlett and myself charged with our commands in front; Capt. Denike and Lieut. Duryea, (son of Col. Duryea,) and about two hundred of the Troy Rifles upon the right; Col. Townsend with his men to the left. The enemy were forced out of the first battery, all the forces were rapidly advancing, and everything promised a speedy victory, when we were ordered to fall back. Where this order came from I do not know. We maintained our position until Col. Townsend began to retire with his whole command. Being left thus alone, and no prospects of receiving aid, we ordered the men to fall back, which they did, and in good order, forming in line of battle about one hundred and fifty feet to the rear. A few minutes afterwards orders came from General Pierce to cease firing and retire."

The retreat was made in good order, no pursuit being attempted by the enemy. The loss was about 15 killed and 40 wounded—among them Lieut. Greble, of Philadelphia, and Major Winthrop aid and acting secretary to Gen. Butler, and the author of the brilliant Seventh Regiment article in the June number of Atlantic Monthly.

The latest trustworthy report from Old Point Comfort reduces the number of killed in the Bethel skirmish to 12, 7 of whom fell in action, and 5 have since died of wounds. Seven were still missing. The explanation of the slightness of our loss is to be found in the fact than, when our soldiers saw the enemy about to fire, they fell on their faces or backs, jumping up before the enemy could reload, and firing, then fell again in season.

The Zouaves showed great skill in loading while lying on their backs. It is thought by some officers, that the only loss suffered occurred during the collision between our regiments, and while on retreat. The retreat was made in the line of a house, which sheltered the column greatly. It is affirmed that the batteries had been silenced, and would have been taken had not the officers, on account of scarcity of ammunition, pushed in front of the troops and ordered them to retire. Then the fire was reopened. There is the greatest indignation against Gen. Pierce on the part of the men, officers and Gen. Butler. Two officers, one a lieutenant from Albany, have resigned in consequence of the affair.

PHILADELPHIANS.—Philadelphia is obtaining a fair share of the honors. The new Quartermaster General of the United States army, to succeed General Jessup, is a son of hers, Col. M. C. Meigs, who has earned distinction as the manager of the Capitol extension and of the Potomac aqueduct. The chief commander of the largest and most complete *corps d'armee* now in the field, Gen. Patterson, is a Philadelphian, who has seen service. She has also a Brevet Major General, Cadwalader, a gallant officer, who served in the Mexican war. The Major General holding the chief command of the State army of reserve, McCall, is a native Philadelphian, of one of our oldest and most respected families. He has seen much hard service in the field in the United States army. The gallant Colonel Kelley, who led in the capture of Philippi, (the most brilliant action so far of the war) and was wounded there, is a Philadelphian. And the first hero killed in battle, Lieutenant Greble, of the United States artillery, was also born and bred here. He was a man of learning and skill as well as bravery. The successful attack upon the rebel camp at Romney, Va., was made under the orders of General Patterson. The chief clerk of the War Department, who has managed affairs with so much energy and effect, is a Philadelphian.

"BEFORE we judge our neighbor's cause,
First let us look within;
Perchance *we* harbor in our heart
Some secret darling sin.
Some pleasant and congenial vice,
We nurse as fondly there,
As the Abbot nursed his favorite fish
And spurned St. Swithin's prayer."—*Food*

☞ At a recent launch on the Clyde the bottle of liquid dashed at the vessel's bows failed to break, and was appropriated by two workmen, who, mistaking the contents for wine, drank the liquid off, and discovered that they had been imbibing red ink.

☞ **FEMININE HEADACHE.**—A fictitious disease, by which women seek to conceal their heartache.

☞ What would Jeff. Davis be likely to say if you asked him how he felt? *Loan some.*

☞ Modesty promotes worth but conceals it, just as leaves aid the growth of fruit and hide it from view.

☞ **OYSTERS.**—American sailor (who is tasting the delight of an English oyster for the first time in his life): "Well, you English fellers don't know when to eat eysters! Why don't you wait till they're full grown, and got over their tarnal green taste, afore you pick 'em? Eat an eyster *half ripe!* Pshaw!"

☞ **GREAT WATERFALL.**—During the late expedition of Dr. Livingstone up the Zambesi, in Africa, he measured the height and breadth of Victoria falls on that river. The height 300 feet; breadth, 2,000

LATEST NEWS.

The evacuation of Harper's Ferry is confirmed. The insurgents numbered about 15,000, but were destitute of artillery, except half a dozen small pieces. The town is nearly deserted—the rebel army is like a plague—taking everything from the farmers, and paying in worthless scrip.

General Scott was heard to say that he would have captured the rebels at Harper's Ferry and all their munition of war, had it not been for the newspaper press (in their anxiety to give early news,) keeping the rebels fully posted up in every movement of the United States troops. He said "*he would rather have one hundred rebel spies in his camp than one newspaper reporter!*" He said right. The reporters are a nuisance that should be abated at once.

None of the piers of the bridge are damaged, and it is expected the engineers will be able to put up trestle work across, and travel be resumed in three or four days. The road between Baltimore and Harper's Ferry is already open.

The rebels are believed to have fallen back on Manassas Junction—and it is reported that Beauregard will fall back to the next line of defence which begins at Acquia Creek, takes in Fredericksburg and the fortifications north of that city, and then follows the course of the Rappahannock river, in a north-west direction, to a point on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, eight miles north-east of Culpepper. The natural defences of this line are of no ordinary character.

HAGERSTOWN, June 16.—Several pickets were thrown across the Potomac last night, opposite Williamsport. The first division, under General Cadwalader, crossed to-day, the troops wading the stream up to their waists in water, covered by two pieces of the Rhode Island battery, which were planted on a bluff near Williamsport.

CAIRO.—Major-General McClellan addressed the troops at Cairo on the 13th, promising them that they should be the leaders of the great army, and that ere long they should have an opportunity to meet the rebels.

CANNON.—Nine rifled cannon recently arrived at Washington, six of which were immediately forwarded into Virginia.

FORTRESS MONROE.—Among the fifteen additional regiments expected at Fortress Monroe, are an efficient corps of artillery from Fort McHenry, and a regiment of mounted riflemen. The latter are greatly needed to operate against the Virginia Light Horse. On the arrival of these regiments the troops now here will extend their lines several miles further from the fortress, and the peninsula will soon become an immense entrenched camp, menacing Norfolk and Richmond.

MISSOURI.—Six companies of U. S. troops (one artillery) are at Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri.

GENERAL PIERCE is out in a letter, saying that there were only seven killed in the Great Bethel affair, and that Captain Haggerty and Major Winthrop advised him to do as he did, while Col. Townsend will certify that the battle could not have been managed better. He asks not to be judged before he can be heard from.

DEAD LETTERS.—Frequent applications are made to the department for the return of letters addressed to discontinued offices. It should be understood that with the small force in the Dead Letter office it is impossible to make a special search in each case.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lord John Russell said, in the House of Commons, that it was the intention of the Government to secure the strictest neutrality between England and the United States.

Mr. Leddell gave notice that he should ask Ministers if the interdiction of privateers was not at variance with former practice, and the reason for this change of maritime policy.

Lord John Russell said that he had no knowledge of the tender of a Canadian regiment to the United States.

Count Cavour is dead.

The Queen of Spain has given birth to a son.

LIVERPOOL, June 5.—Cotton is firm, Breadstuffs dull and weak, Provisions steady.

"WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

"As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute.
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell."
—*Shelley*

☞ A French priest of some humor, says—"When the celebrated Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, and physicians their sick; but when I preached there the next year, *I set all to rights again—every man minded his own business!*"

☞ "The mother of States" is having an unexpected visit from some of her children.

☞ Humanity is that sympathy by which we view the sufferings of others as inflicted on ourselves, and desire, in consequence, to avert the blow. Thus woman, more frequently than the opposite sex, is distinguished by this virtue, being, from her helpless nature, more exposed to mental and corporeal inflictions. Humanity differs from benevolence in its being a feeling which makes the case of the injured or distressed immediately our own, while benevolence may rather be esteemed a desire to give or impart some good or benefit we find ourselves possessed of to the needy and destitute: the former seeks to prevent evil, the latter to promote good.

☞ The sun sinks, and the earth closes her great eye like that of a dying god. Then the hills smoke like altars; out of every wood ascends a chorus; the veils of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled transparent tree-tops, and fall upon the gay, gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the West throws back a dead gold on the East, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the tremulous lark, the evening bell of nature.

☞ Why are black eyes called piercing? Ans.—Because they can look daggers when they like.

☞ Travellers tell us that America is the country where more young and pretty widows are seen than in any other—owing to the intense *overwork* by which our men kill themselves and die young.

THE HABEAS CORPUS.

The Constitutional provision on this question of the power to suspend the Habeas Corpus is very brief and general:—"The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." (Art. I., Sec. 9.) It is very remarkable that there is no authority given to any person or body to suspend habeas corpus. The omission requires to be explained. Judge Taney assumes that only Congress has the power to order a suspension. And he refers to some dicta of himself or some other judges, as if they were authorized to fill out what they suppose to be the omission in the Constitution—which is absurd and untenable.

A glance at history and the nature of the case will show the reason and propriety of this omission. The suspension of this writ is so perilous an expedient, that it can never be tolerated at all, except under some great, imperious, and urgent public necessity, such as can only arise "in cases of rebellion or invasion." But such conditions of necessity are of course abnormal, and not subject to rules, but each must be met according to its own exigencies. That is the reason why the Constitution does not limit the power of suspending habeas corpus to any particular functionary or class of functionaries. The necessity will not wait for limitations, but must be provided for just as it may occur. The habeas corpus may be suspended, "in cases of rebellion or invasion," by any officer of the Government who sees the necessity and dares to "take the responsibility."

We find, historically, that General Wilkinson, commanding at New Orleans, suspended the habeas corpus in regard to the associates of Burr's conspiracy. General Jackson at the same place, did the same thing at the time of the British invasion. And the country sustained them both, as it has approved the act of General Cadwalader at Baltimore.

These generals do not necessarily derive the power of suspending the habeas corpus from the orders of the President, but draw the power directly from the Constitution to do it whenever they see the necessity and are willing to meet the responsibility of showing, *afterwards*, that "the public safety required it."—*Independent.*

IMPORTANT FROM MISSOURI.—Gov. Jackson has issued a proclamation calling out 50,000 State troops, with the evident intention of making war against the United States. Gen. Lyon, of the U. S. forces—principally Missouri volunteers, thirteen regiments having volunteered in Missouri, in spite of the Governor—is taking such measures as the crisis demands. It is reported that the Governor has retreated from Jefferson city to Arrow Rock, a strong point about sixty miles above, on the Missouri river. There is good reason to believe that a considerable number of Confederate troops are assembled in Arkansas, the Indian country and Northern Texas, for an advance into Kansas and Missouri, to seize the Newtown Lead Mines, and march to the assistance of Gov. Jackson, the moment he invites them.

The Evening News learns that two regiments of Iowa volunteers, encamped at Keokuk, and four hundred Illinois troops, from Quincy, have been concentrated at Hannibal, Missouri, by order of Gen. Lyon, for the purpose of holding North Missouri and checking Gov. Jackson's movements in that region. It is said that a portion of this force will be sent to Lexington and St. Joseph. Gen. Lyon has sent a force to Jefferson City. The most energetic movements will be required to preserve Missouri from the danger and losses of a civil war.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S PLAN.—A Washington correspondent of the Times says:

Gen. Beauregard was well, in fine spirits, and confident of the result of this trouble being victory for the Confederacy. "It is folly," said he, "for us to scatter our forces—part here, part at Richmond, part at Pensacola and elsewhere. We should, and I am determined to, concentrate a grand army of 60,000 at some proper point, and compel the United States to attack us. I know from reliable scouts that their army will not remain idle—the nature of its *materiel* forbids it. They are active, pushing men, and already insubordination is manifest in their ranks, and no cause is more evident than *inaction*.

"What if they do move forward and take possession of this or that point—they have yet to meet our army! I shall concentrate at Manassas Gap between 60,000 and 70,000 men. They will be so intrenched and will occupy so defensible a position as to be absolutely impregnable, and when the strength of the Federal troops is spent, or worn, I will utterly overwhelm and destroy them. It can be done, and I confess I can see no other way for us to do."

There were no troops at Charleston save three companies of "Charleston Light Infantry," and five hundred men from the interior, who were drilling preparatory to a march towards Richmond.

MRS. DAVIS.—If Mrs. Lincoln, as has been reported, has brothers in the rebel army, the account may be balanced by the following, regarding Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

[From the Milwaukee Press.]

We know that Mrs. Davis, the wife of the rebel chief, sympathizes with the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, whatever may be her views of the present political difficulties. We have heard her express the strongest anti-slavery sentiments in the presence of the most decided advocates of slavery. Upon the occasion of the passage of the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill," an old toady was congratulating Mrs. Davis, in our presence, upon the success of the measure, to which she replied, in substance:—"If it has the effect to extend slavery, I am sorry for it. If the women of the South could be consulted in this matter, slavery would be speedily abolished. As for myself, I would rather do the menial services of my family, than have the responsibility and care of slaves." This is the inside view of slavery by many intelligent Southern people; the institution only becomes dear to them when outsiders begin to meddle with it.

THE PEACE SOCIETY.—The May number of the Advocate of Peace takes open and explicit ground for the maintenance of government by force of arms, and makes it a parallel case with the quelling of a riot or bringing an assassin to condign punishment. It is simply a mustering of forces to suppress treason and enforce wholesome law, and does not partake of the fierce and vindictive character of war.

A TEXAS journal says "the Northern papers are filled with threats to burn our houses and destroy our property. They are gloating over the prospective destruction of our homes, the desecration of our hearths, and the murder of children and outraged women." What nonsense!

☞ "Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave-diggers."

☞ A man never has the least difficulty in finding a devoted friend, except when he needs one.

YEARS AGO.

I lean on the railings in the Park,
  While my love rides sauntering down the Row,
And the light in her luminous eyes is dark
  With the shadowy dreams of the long ago.

She rides with those dark eyes glancing down
  To the little hand on her horse's neck;
Chief belle of the belles of the western town,
  How should she weep over one heart's wreck?

Her drooping hair, in a golden haze,
  Falls over the arch of her swan-like throat,
Till her sunlit curls seem wandering rays,
  And gild the zephyrs on which they float.

In the night of her eyes hides a gleam of gold,
  Like a jewel under a starless wave;
But even their light is so deathly cold,
  That you think of the lost in an ocean grave.

Her chiselled profile against the air
  Seems a cameo cut on a purple ground;
And the arabesqued frame of her yellow hair
  Is the gold that edges the cameo round.

Does she think of the day when she slowly went
  Through the woodland lanes, when the sun was low,
When the blossoming limes filled the air with scent,
  And we wandered together, years ago?

Has she still the sketch of the grey church tower,
  And the graves in shadow beneath the trees;
With the tufted primroses full in flower,
  And the wood, snow-white with anemones?

Does she ever think of the day I knelt,
  With her palette and pencils in my hand,
When the art we loved, and the love we felt,
  Seemed to circle us round with a mystic band?

Does she ever think of the words she said,
  "Lo, I cast my rank as I'd cast a glove;
Alone I stand with the mighty dead,
  To triumph or die for the art I love:

"Master no longer, my love," she cried;
  "Pupil no more, but companion and wife;
The pencil your hand has long helped to guide
  Shall write a great name at the close of life!"

'Twas the transient flash of a holy fire;
  I left her alone with her life's fair scheme,
And returned to find the blackened pyre,
  And bury the corpse of a dear dead dream.

Wooed by the sound of an ancient name,
  Won by the tinsel of rank and state,
She had left the high road of art and fame,
  Too weak to toil to the golden gate.

Was her's the voice that I once heard say,
  In the echoing aisles of a woodland dell,
"You might make a hundred dukes in a day,
  But the ages made only one Raphael?"

I scarcely chide her for leaving me,
  For what am I but a man as the rest?
But her deepest falsehood I hold to be
  That she's false to the genius in her breast.

Not false to herself, but false to the age,
  Lost to all time by an infidel doubt,
She crumples and closes the beautiful page,
  To show to the world the gay binding without.

So I lean on the railings in the Park,
  And I watch her sauntering down the Row;
Till the scene before me grows clouded and dark,
  Melting into a vision of years ago.

I count every day of her purposeless life,
  The dull round of years that are ever the same,
That might have been spent in a glorious strife,
  Leaving a century marked with her name.

MY UNCLE'S HANDBOOK.

"After all, young man, there is nothing like experience!"

"Experience! Experience! I would I had never heard the word! 'Trust to my experience,' is the eternal cry of age to youth. But I maintain that youth is a hundred times better off without it."

On hearing this astonishing verdict, five guests assembled in a drawing-room after a bachelor dinner, looked up with surprise at the mortal daring enough to utter a heresy so contrary to all received opinions.

"Still you must admit," replied, after a pause, the first speaker, a gray-haired officer, "that experience is a precious talisman, when rightly applied."

"Ah, who knows?" rejoined the other, who was a young man barely five-and-twenty; "but if not too tedious, let me relate you the history of my own."

All signified their eagerness to listen to the exposition of so strange a theory, and he resumed:

"Four years ago, gentlemen, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I left my native town for the great metropolis. My Uncle Thomas, an excellent man, who, from my earliest recollection, had never lost sight of me, accompanied me on the platform, and the train was on the very point of starting, when, grasping my hand, he exclaimed over and over again, 'Good-bye, Alfred, good-bye; and, above all, do not forget my handbook! Remember my handbook!'

"To explain this, I must tell you that the day before leaving my uncle called me into his study, and spoke to me as follows:

"'Alfred, I am getting in years; I have a house, £2,000 a year, a nephew, and the gout. I watch over my house with order, my means with economy, my gout with pain, and yourself, my boy, with pleasure. It is my wish to leave you all I possess, except the gout; but, before doing this, I wish you to complete your education by some knowledge of London life. You shall start to-morrow by the first train, and remain in London until I call you home. Combine amusement with instruction, and see as much as you can of the world. Still, my dear boy, as London is a place where a man ought always to be on his guard, I have resolved on providing you with arms. Take this book! It contains the fruits of my long experience. In it you will find a protection against the snares that will beset your youth in the great city; there have I noted all the observations acquired by a knowledge of men and things, and I have named it my Handbook. When you have entered on the slippery path which lies before you take no step without first consulting it. Here it is. You will thank me on your return.'

"Thus it is, gentlemen, that I left by the train at nine o'clock, and why my Uncle Thomas reiterated up to the last moment his pressing recommendations.

"You may fancy how my heart beat the first time I trod the pavement of Piccadilly, though I could hardly refrain from looking for the concealed traps that might lie upon its polished surface. However, I soon took courage. What had the possessor of 'my Uncle's Handbook' to fear?

"A week had hardly glided by when, thanks to the letters of introduction with which I was provided, I made my *debut* at a fashionable party.

"Up to the present I see no great misfortunes," interrupted the gray haired officer.

"Patience—the critical moment is at hand. Amongst those present I had remarked from the first a young man of most prepossessing appearance—about my own age—polished in his manners, and talented, as his conversation plainly showed. On his part he seemed equally pleased with myself, and, before the evening was over, we were the best friends in the world, and it was agreed we should dine together the next day. However, before going further, I remembered my uncle's advice, and, on my return home, opened the famous handbook at the article 'Friends.'

"The paragraph ran thus:

"'Friends. To distrust London friendship. Not to be too easily led away by the advances of strangers. Particularly to shun those who, with fascinating manners, seem to take a fancy to you at your first interview. As a general rule, such are mere adventurers who want to borrow money of you.'

"Forewarned is forearmed. When, the next day, my insinuating young friend presented himself at my door he was told that I had changed my lodgings, leaving no address.

"This was No. 1.

"My time being my own, I had ventured on a few timid attempts in literature. Verses naturally were among them, an unpublished volume, and a play, as I thought, completely unknown. But things, somehow, do come to light, I hardly know how; and, one evening at a party I gave in my own rooms, I was asked to repeat a mere trifle—a sonnet. At first I refused, but was overpersuaded. My play and three sonnets all passed the ordeal.

"It was a perfect triumph!—compliments, thanks, applause! I was retiring to bed in ecstasy, when the inexorable Handbook rushed to my thoughts. I opened it at the word 'Compliments.'

"'Compliments,' it sneered; 'never to believe one word of the praises of the world. True merit never excites anything but envy—the more you are praised, the less should you think of yourself.'

"'Which means clearly,' I thought, with a sigh, 'that I am a perfect nonentity. My poor verses! to judge by your reception, you are but sorry things.' I bade farewell to my dreams of literary fame. My MSS. did not take five minutes in burning.

"This was No. 2.

"I now turned my thoughts on acquiring wealth. Fortunately, a merchant, to whom I had been introduced as a most successful speculator, had condescended to express great approbation of a plan I had conceived, and had expressed himself most kindly towards me. Giving me his card, he added:

"'Come and see me to-morrow; we will talk over all this together, and as you appear intelligent—these words are his—'I may be able to get you a share in a most lucrative affair.'

"As I was preparing the next morning to keep this appointment, a thought crossed my mind—I had forgotten to consult the Handbook. I turned over its leaves impatiently until I came to the word 'Business.'

"'Business. On this point more than on any other mistrust is a most necessary quality. Speculations are double operations—cheats on one side, dupes on the other. Rule without an exception. Should any speculation be proposed to you, deem it worthless, otherwise it would not be offered you, as men prefer keeping the good things of this world for themselves.'

"On reading these lines, I sincerely blessed the uncle who had snatched his nephew from such imminent danger. As for the merchant, I need hardly to say that not only I never went to his house, but when I met him accidentally, I turned my head away to avoid recognizing him. A wretch who lived on dupes!

"This was No. 3.

"I think I said I was then just twenty-one. Who, at that age, can help falling in love? How beautiful Flora was! how full of candor, innocence, and modest grace! I thought, too, she was not quite insensible to my devotion. Indeed, some stolen words and glances had almost converted doubt into certainty. I was told she had but slight expectations, but I should have been ashamed to have made that a consideration. I determined on making my sentiments known to her the next day. But, first, the Handbook lay open before me:

"'Love—Marriage. A snare to catch fools! To dread, like the plague, the soft glances and modest airs of portionless girls. This is one of the commonest kinds of trickery—'

"Trickery! There was the word. Was I to allow myself to be tricked? How exact the description! 'Soft glances,' 'modest airs,' 'portionless.' Very nearly so—what an escape! Without my uncle's Handbook, what would have become of me?

"When I met her again, my withering contempt proved that her unworthy stratagems were discovered.

"This was No 4.

"Yet that evening I was exasperated without knowing why. I wanted to be revenged on somebody. It so happened that every one was enthusiastic in the praises of a certain Baron, in whom I suspected a rival. 'A baron—a baron!' I said, with a sneer; 'titles sometimes no more real than their supposed owner's diamonds.' A phrase borrowed verbatim from my uncle's wise Handbook.

"As ill-luck would have it, the Baron in question, coming in at that moment, overheard me. A challenge ensued; a ball in my shoulder was the result.

"This was No. 5.

"Six whole weeks I kept my bed. During that interval there was time for reflection, and after that came an irresistible yearning to confide my meditations to some sympathizing ear. I found this in a cousin who came to see me. I told him all.

"The history of my first friend—

"'So, you would not see him—the most estimable fellow in the world? His father, who is one of our first men, could have been of the greatest service to you.'

"The story of my MSS.—

"'I was entrusted with most advantageous offers by an editor!'

"The story of the merchant—

"'One of the most honorable men in the city. The transaction he spoke of will bring him thousands!'

"The tale of my love—

"'An angel, my dear fellow! She has just come into a legacy of £40,000, and is on the point of marriage with Baron ——.'

"'My adversary!'

"'Yes; a perfect gentleman and true nobleman!'

"All this was too much—this last stroke completely overcame me. I seized a pen with frenzy and traced the following lines:

"My Dear Uncle: I return your 'Handbook.' In three months it has made me lose a friend, an editor, a fortune, and a lovely wife, and gain a pistol-shot in my shoulder. This experience is quite enough for me. Please try to find some one else to whom you can offer the valuable fruits of your experience. For my part, I have learned to my cost that certain illusions are amongst youth's dearest privileges. Every season has its proper fruit.

"Your affectionate nephew."

"Now, gentlemen, am I right in not believing the old maxim of acting on the experience of others?" concluded the narrator.

"And what did your uncle reply?" inquired the gray-haired officer, ironically.

"Well, I have never heard of him since."

"Then, sir, pray allow me to give you some news of him. I dined with him yesterday, and he sends you this message by me, that he has cut you off with a shilling!"

CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

At a social religious meeting a brother rose, and among other things stated the following incident of Bishop George:—

"Ye and two other clergymen were travelling in company towards a bridge, which they would be required to cross in their journey. The recent torrents of rain had swollen the brooks and streamlets leading into the main current, and before they reached the bridge the companions of Bishop George expressed their apprehension that they would not be able to cross. As their fear increased more and more, they appealed to the Bishop to get his opinion. 'Brethren,' said he, '*I never cross a bridge until I get to it!*'"

Some persons are always journeying toward swollen streams or damaged bridges. The clouds seem to fill their horizon, not behind them, but before them, and are always dark and threatening. They insist that either property, or health, or friends, will soon fail them. Alas! for them, the good things of this world were ordained for others, not them. "Take no (evil) thought for the morrow." "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

☞ There are two classes of disappointed lovers; those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy, who are disappointed after it.

☞ The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.

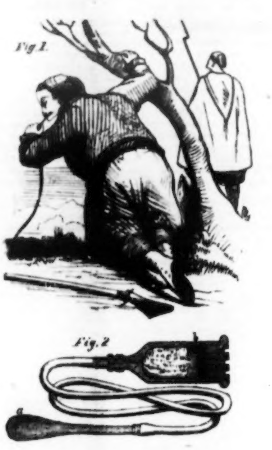


Fig 1.

Fig. 2

HALL'S DRINKING TUBE.

We here present an illustration of the first of the inventions in this line, destined for the special accommodation of our soldiers. It is a small india-rubber tube, with a filter at the end for the convenience of drinking from any brook or river that may be met with on the march.

At the upper end of the tube is the mouthpiece, *a*, Fig. 2, made of hard india-rubber, and at the lower end is the small filter B. This filter consists of a cup of hard india-rubber, closed at the bottom by a cap, which is perforated with numerous very small holes for straining the water. The inner cavity of the cup is nearly filled with a bit of sponge, *c*, to filter the water. As the cap screws into the cup, B, it may be removed whenever it is desired to take out the sponge for the purpose of cleansing it.

With a tube four feet or less in length, the whole apparatus is so compact that it may be carried without inconvenience in the pocket, and the material of which it is composed is not subject to injury, breakage or decay, while it enables the apparatus to be furnished at a trifling cost. This little instrument will be found equally convenient for travellers, hunters and surveyors, as well as for soldiers, for whom, at the present time, it is specially adapted.

The patent for this invention was procured through the Scientific American Patent Agency, and further information in relation to it may be obtained by addressing the patentee, Henry A. Hall, at Boston, Mass.

HER BONNET-STRING.

BY A FIREMAN ZOUAVE.

I.

Do you see that ribbon? You wouldn't think
  That piece of ribbon was worth to me
A pile of ribbon of green and pink,
  Enough to rig up our company.

II.

No, not if you'd give me a wagonful
  You'd coax that ribbon and me to part;
Nor enough to rig up and ropes to pull
  That pet I run with, the "Nine" hose cart.

III.

You'd think it queer that I hang so tight
  To that ere ribbon. Of course you've seen
(And so've I, often) an awful sight
  Of prettier ribbon than that has been.

IV.

It isn't the ribbon, you know, you see—
  That old blue ribbon, not two feet long,
That makes such a curious chap of me;
  I don't like ribbon—I mean, not strong.

V.

See here! I'll tell you what makes me stick
  To that piece of ribbon—the simple thing:
See there! do you know it? I call that slick;
  That's Ellen Eliza's bonnet-string.

VI.

Says Ellen Eliza—says she to me,
  "Take that," says she, while a crystal tear
Stole down her cheek—"take that, and be
  Forever and ever my faithful dear."

VII.

As you are a man, and I am a man,
  You'll know my feelings for that ere thing:
It's queer, but wander I never can
  From Ellen Eliza's bonnet-string.

The Power of Love.—To the hearts of all us women love is a necessity; and a man who understands that has a power in his hand. Many have neglected it, and many have grossly misused it. Where and how your husband failed it is not for me to decide; one thing only will I say to you. My late husband told me one day of a King of Spain, on whose foot a burning cinder fell out of the fire. He would have thrown it off, but it occurred to him that it was not seemly for a king to do so; he therefore called his minister. The minister said it was not his business, and gave the command to one of the pages; the page was of noble birth, and therefore called a chamberlain; but before he could come the cinder had burnt the shoe through to the foot. Dear lady, when a grief like a red-hot cinder falls upon your heart, do not stop thinking whose proper duty it is to remove it, otherwise your heart may be burnt through and through. Seize it boldly, with our Lord's help, and throw it away, even though finger and thumb should be a little burnt; that hurt will soon heal.—*L. T.*

Strange Habit of Bees in Peru.—Mr. Sandison (son of the Rev. Mr. Sandison, of Brechin,) sends the following interesting fact in natural history from Arequiperu, Peru:—"A few years ago a German got out a few hives of bees, an insect formerly unknown here. The first year he obtained a plentiful supply of honey, but year by year it decreased, until now the animals will hardly collect any. And why? Our climate is so equable that flowers can be had all the year round, and the sagacious animals having discovered this fact have evidently lost the instinct of hoarding honey for a winter that never comes."

☞ Serve 'em Right.—Tradesmen often lose their custom as field sportsmen do their fingers—by high charges.

LOVE IN THE MARKET.

When I was a young man, I was a professor of languages in the Blank Institute. One of our lady teachers was a young person, very intelligent and attractive. She and I made each other's acquaintance, and (I may as well admit it first as last) we became warmly attached.

The duties of Miss Hanson (for so I will call the young lady) had become very onerous, altogether too much so for her delicate frame; and I, pained to see one who was so dear to me laboring beyond her strength, looked about to see if something better could not be obtained for her. Gladly would I at once have made her my wife, and thus have obviated the necessity of her earning her own support, but in the then state of my finances such a thing was not to be thought of. And so, not being able to do as I would, I tried to do what I could, and success attended my efforts.

A wealthy gentleman of my acquaintance, who had several young children, wanting a first-class governess for them, I eagerly proposed Miss Hanson, and her examination proving satisfactory, she was duly installed in her new situation. She found it to be easy, pleasant, and profitable; and my mind being set at rest regarding her, I now turned my attention exclusively to the duties of my profession, resolved to postpone for a year or two the pleasant duties of courtship. I judged that we would both be better fitted for the faithful discharge of our engagements, seeing each other but seldom, than we should otherwise be. To be sure, it would have pleased me well to have received frequent letters from my esteemed Clara, but as she expressed herself adverse to letter-writing, I would not require her to distress herself for my sake.

Several months after Miss Hanson entered upon her work as governess, the eldest son of her employer came home, a graduate from college. He admired Miss Hanson from the first moment that he beheld her, and it was not long before he made her aware of the fact. He was pressing in his suit, he was wealthy, he was present with her, and my lady-love transferred her affections and her engagement to him. Her employer, discovering what was taking place, was enraged at his son's folly and at the lady's presumption, as he termed it, and would listen to nothing but an utter abandonment of the engagement. He turned the young lady away, and she proceeded to New York in search of another situation. She had entered into arrangements to teach for six months—I do not remember where—when her lover suddenly appeared before her, and insisted upon a private and *immediate* marriage.

She consented, and, after the ceremony, the bridegroom went his way and the bride hers for the space of six months. At the expiration of that time they again met and proceeded to the city of Detroit to reside.

At this time no spirit whispered in my ear of danger or trouble. Calmly I labored on, only now and then pausing to think contentedly of Clara, and to feel renewed satisfaction that she was so well placed. But suddenly I heard of her conduct—of all except her marriage, and of course she was lost to me as much as though I had known her to be wedded. I could not overlook such deceit and heartlessness.

Five years rolled away, and on a wild, stormy night I arrived at Detroit. Feeling very much fatigued, I asked to be shown at once to my room in the hotel. Hardly had I been left alone, when some one knocked on the door next to mine.

"Who's there?" said a woman's voice.

"Father," was the reply. "Mrs. Jenkins is below and wishes to see you. I told her you were not very well and had retired; but she will take no denial."

"Then she must come up here, pa; we can never dress again and go down to her."

"Let me see, what was Mrs. Jenkin's maiden name?" asked one of the voices in the next room when the father had withdrawn.

Hitherto I had been sitting in a contemplative mood before my fire, hearing because I could not help it, the partition being so very thin.

"Why! she was Clara Hanson—don't you know—she was our school-mate in Boston, years ago."

You may judge that there was a very sudden and violent alteration in my state of mind. I started so that I hit my head against the corner of the mantelpiece, and came near rolling into the fire.

In breathless expectation I awaited the coming of the visitor. She had really married Jenkins then—that was the name of my friend. Presently that well-remembered step drew near. There was a noisy meeting, much laughter, many questions, many fervent expressions of affection, of delight at being once more together.

"But come, now, let us hear each other's adventures," said Clara; and when her friends had related theirs, she began to talk of hers.

Reader, can you imagine my feelings as I heard that woman tell what I have already told, and much more? I heard all as if in a dream, yet I knew that it was reality—as real as anything can be in this unreal world. Presently I rose, and stealing softly into the hall, laid just before the door of the room where Clara was, one of my cards, and in excited silence waited the result. It was what I had reckoned on. Mrs. Jenkins saw it instantly as she stepped from her friends' room. "Some one had dropped a note," I heard her say. I heard her move towards the light. Then she gave a little shriek, and rushed back to her friends.

"Oh, Mr. —— has been here. He must have seen me come in and followed me. What shall I do?"

"Who is Mr. ——? You did not mention him. Why do you fear him?" asked the friends.

"Oh, he was an old beau of mine," said Clara, "and I would not meet him for the world."

"Why, how many beaux did you have?" was the laughing inquiry.

"I had a great many, and I was engaged to four other men when I married Mr. Jenkins. Mr. —— was the fourth one."

Ever since that night at the Detroit hotel, I have been firmly established in the opinion that not the Jews alone were watched over by a particular Providence.

KISSES.

The custom of kissing was much reprobated by the Roundheads and all the Puritan party. Hear what good old John Bunyan says against it; and surely his words might have been quoted as full of sense and justice, in such times as the old-fashioned canvassing for elections, when all the pretty women were kissed—or even now, when under the mistletoe, the poor ugly ones are *not* kissed:—

"The common salutation of women I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, and that have visited them, I have made my objections against it: and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they have made baulks? why they did salute the most handsome and let the ill-favored ones go?"

Why, indeed? That is just what the Mormons, more generous than Bunyan's friends, do not do: they make no baulks of even the ill-favored.

Beautiful and sad are many of the kisses scattered about literature and history. There was the kiss of the Troubadour Gauffre Rudel, Prince of Blaye, who fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli only by report, and pined away so sorely for love and yearning that his heart went from him, and his life was dead within him. He took ship and sailed over the waves to see her: and she, touched by his devotion, went down into the ship as it lay in the bay of Tripoli with Gauffre nigh unto death on board. As she went to him, and took his hand, and kissed him, the poet's love leapt up into its last flame: he gave her one long look, blessed her, and then died—with her lips upon his. The lady went into a convent.

Then there was the precious kiss which Margarida, wife of Raimon de Roussillon, gave her lover the Troubadour Guillem de Cabestanth, when "she stretched out her arms, and sweetly embraced him in the lone chamber." Ah! that kiss was dearly purchased! for Raimon, coming to the knowledge of all it meant, gave Margarida her lover's heart to eat, disguised as a savory morsel. When he told her what she had done, she, saying that "if she had eaten so sweet a morsel, would eat nothing more," dashed herself from the window into the castle yard: and so died in great pain—but more happily than if she had lived. And there was Francesca's kiss, so sweet and yet so sad, so guilty and so pure, when, "trembling all over," Paolo kissed her—and they read no more for that day. And there was the kiss which Marie Stuart gave the sleeping poet, Alain Chartier, and before all the court, too; and that other kiss—or rather many kisses—given by Marguerite de Valois to Clement Marot, of which this poet makes such tender, boastful account, prefiguring Leigh Hunt's assertion, that

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer.

One of the strangest kisses on record is that (which I firmly believe in) told in the Arabian Knights, when the Lady of Bagdad, who goes to purchase a rich stuff, is asked for only a kiss in return. No money will buy it; no honors; nothing but a kiss on her fair cheek. So, holding her veil that the passers-by may see nothing, she offers her cheek to the young merchant's kiss; and the wretch bites it savagely through instead. But all the Arabian Knights kisses are as strange and wild and fetterless as the emotions they express. We, in this colder North, can hardly understand the state of mind and manners detailed therein.

Sweet and lovely is the maiden's kiss in Paradise and the Peri—"the last long kiss which she expires in giving;" full of beauty and poetic fancy Diana's kiss, when she stole down from heaven to the sleeping shepherd-boy lying like a lily on the summit of Mount Ida; mournful the kisses of Hero and Leander; heroic those "kisses thrie" given by the knight to the laidly beast who starts up a comely maiden; revolting the kisses given by the devil to the witches in the sabbaths; very pleasant the sugar kisses which young boys and girls delight in giving to each other with a "crack." But of all the pleasant, tender, quaint, perplexing kisses, give me that strange salute which the Norwegian maidens bestow upon you after they have put you to bed, and tucked you up well between the sweet-smelling sheets; for then, bending their fresh, fair faces, do they not kiss you honestly upon your beard, with no thought of shame or doubt?

What other kisses are there? There is "kiss in the ring," the favorite Sunday game on Hampstead Heath, when the young men and women are tired of donkey-riding; and there is kissing under the mistletoe, which unhappily is fast dying out from genteel society. There is the kiss blown away from the tips of all four fingers crumpled up into a point, into which the old act of homage has sunk; and there is the Frenchman's kiss, which brushes your cheeks with tufts of hair and the Italian's kiss, which, if you are a woman, is pressed lightly on your hand in the most gracious manner possible; and there's the baby's wet, open-mouthed kiss, so infinitely precious to women, and so terrible to men; and our pretty little pouting sister's kiss, on the day when we first parted; and our dear old father's; and handsome Harry's flushed and half-tearful, off to his school; and—Well, no matter whose!

☞ If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

The old farm gate is shattered and gray,
The nails from its braces have rusted away,
And the old post leans, as it drags around,
With staggering movement and moaning sound.

The old man leans on his old gate now,
And white locks stray round his neck and brow,
And his bent knees press 'gainst the shattered thing,
While his shrivelled hands to its top rail cling.

The maple boughs high over his head,
Have a few green leaves in their tufts of red,
And the flowers that late by the pathway lay,
Have seen the frost angel and gone away.

Why standeth he there while the chill breezes sigh,
And the yellow birch leaves rush eddying by?
Ah, he thinks of a morning like Eden bright,
When that old gate was new, and his form upright.

'Twas the last and the most luxuriant day
Of the balmy and beautiful month of May;
The bird songs loaded the balmy breeze,
And the garlands hung low from the generous trees.

And the lawn was gay with a motley crowd,
Whose glad hearts ran over with laughter loud;
From the gray grandsire in his cushioned chair,
To the rollicking infant, the world was there.

The small girls waited in white robed pride,
With baskets of flowers for the beautiful bride;
And the boys in groups to the farm gate clung,
And shouted their rapture, as wide it swung.

That morning in manhood's midday pride,
He led to the altar a fair young bride;
Each ready to swear in love's holy faith,
For better, for worse, till the hour of death.

The young bride came, with a mien so meek,
And the pale, pale rose tint was on her cheek,
And the sunbeams that fell on her chestnut hair,
Changed all to gold, and stayed trembling there.

* * * * * * * *

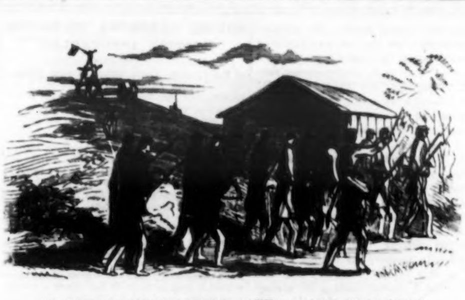
The bars of that gate were strong and white,
Its post was firm, and its hinges bright,
When a dark robed train, with sobbing song,
Down from the farm-house paced along.

And who did they bear to their rest that day,
Through the open gate, down the churchyard way?
A wife—a mother—ah, woe! woe! woe!
The bride of so few short years ago.

The husband had loved the world's marts till then,
He forsook them now, and his fellow men;
And every evening he prayed and wept,
By the blossomed turf, where his riven heart slept.

And now he but comes to the old farm gate,
And seems to listen, and watch, and wait,
For the wing of the angel that tarries near,
And the foot of the neighbors that bear the bier.

Adrian, Michigan.



SPORTS OF VOLUNTEERS, "THE GIANT BRIGADE."

Soldiers in camp must have amusement—and therefore all innocent ones will be encouraged by a good commander. They tend to keep up a good flow of blood and cheerful state of mind, which not only keep the spirit "in good heart," but the body in health and vigor. "The Giant Brigade," as above, makes an imposing appearance.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXI.

Lord Kingswood, after quitting Kingswood Hall, made his way at a rambling pace, and in a thoughtful mood, across the park to Kingswood Chace.

As he entered its precincts his dog put up a bird, and he mechanically raised his gun to his shoulder, fired, and the bird fell dead.

He smiled, and muttered—"Not so bad a shot! Neither eye nor hand have lost their cunning yet. A true eye and a steady hand are valuable adjuncts to skill in handling a weapon. I wonder if my dexterity with the pistol is at fault. I could at one time hit a mark at fourteen paces, with the word given as quick as thought, unerringly. It would be as well to get up that proficiency, I may need it yet."

His brow contracted, and his teeth set together, as the cold, impassible features of the Marquis of Chillingham rose up in visionary form before him.

"It is strange," he continued, broodingly, "that these torturing suspicions should only lately have taken possession of my mind. I may have been fooled long since. If I have, I'll shoot him as I would a mongrel cur. But it cannot be. At best her jealous misgivings are but suspicious. She has no proofs—no proofs! Let her rage, and storm, and vow, and surmise as she may, she will be unable to confirm her grim and frenzied imaginings. So will I tell her in the morning. I must be bold and firm with her, and I will. I will both dare and defy her if she continues obstinate and hostile. It is, indeed, my only proper course now; with all the damning evidence against me secure in my own possession, I must strike a blow and free myself at once and for ever from these disquieting enemies. I have drawn the teeth of that wolf Vernon, and I can face him and laugh his menaces and his proceedings to scorn."

Thus ruminating, he paused not in his progress until he reached the old hunting-lodge. He gazed up at it, and a singular feeling of awe stole over him as he looked upon the lichen-covered stones and the dark ivy climbing in wild luxuriance wherever it listed. The place, so old, stood like a time darkened memorial of evil deeds, and so it seemed in his eyes.

"From the hour that it was the scene of a foul murder," he exclaimed, acrimoniously, "it has been the bane and curse of our race. It was here I first saw *her* face of more than mortal beauty, and how much of happiness has that fatal rencontre cost me!—nay, what happiness have I really enjoyed since that hour! I have been constantly haunted by the expectation of what has since befallen. Had a lightning-shaft hurled this accursed building into a heap of blackened ruins ere I beheld her, I should have been happy. But it shall stand no longer; I'll have it levelled to the earth ere it is a week older, and no more shall the Wonder of Kingswood Chace cause the ruin of any future Kingswood of Kingswood."

As he concluded, he turned his eyes from the old loopholed window to the doorway, and then started back as if he beheld an apparition. Old Eldra stood there, bowed and trembling, like one palsied. Her white face was turned towards him, and her brilliant eyes seemed to glitter and coruscate as they concentrated their force upon him. A cold, deadly thrill ran over his frame, crawling, creeping, vibrating, as it searched out every nerve in his body. More than twenty years had passed away since he had seen her. Then she was haggard, wrinkled, and silver-locked. She was but the same now, save that she appeared more aged, ghostlier, ghastlier than he had ever seen her.

"Eldra!" burst from his lips.

"Aye," she cried, "Lord of Kingswood, it would be wonderful if your eyes had failed to remember my face. What seek you here, another victim?"

"Eldra," he exclaimed, recovering somewhat his self-possession, "reproaches and invectives are alike vain now; the immutable past cannot be affected by objurgations or by curses. I have sinned. I would have expiated my offence, but—" He paused.

"But what, Lord Kingswood?" demanded Eldra, sharply.

"But that fate placed me in a position wherein the power was denied me," he replied, hesitatingly.

"You mumble that in a tone of one who speaks falsely," responded the old woman. "You might have expiated your first crime by acknowledging your wife and by placing her as Lady Kingswood beneath the roof she was legally as morally entitled to share with you. Fate could not deny you the power of performing an act of justice. Pride—poor, hollow, mistaken pride—did; and it precipitated you into the more revolting crime of murder."

"Woman, this is mere frenzy," cried Lord Kingswood. "My hand was never yet guilty of such a horrible crime."

"Lord Kingswood, your hand, like those of all of your race, is blood-encrusted," returned Eldra, speaking with vehemence. "You know whose blood you drew! You know in whose breast you plunged a hunter's knife—"

"Peace, woman! that was but a sudden ebullition of passion, which had no fatal termination," he interposed, sternly. "You spoke of murder."

"I did—of a cold-hearted, atrocious, wanton, wicked murder!" she returned, quickly. "What! is it not murder to break the heart of one whose life is bound up in yours? You saw Erla here; you dazzled and fascinated her innocent eyes; you made captive her innocent heart; you would have wiled her from hence; you lured her from Huntingford; you made a toy of one who loved you as deeply, sincerely, faithfully as ever woman loved one of your heartless race! You were betrothed to the woman you have since married. When you first saw her you had no compunction in winning her love—you had no remorse when you had won it; you were treacherous and pitiless in wooing her; you were treacherous and pitiless in casting her off! You did not separate from her with the ordinary indifference displayed by scoundrels of your order; but you thrust her from you under circumstances of peculiar atrocity! Your villany was not of the common stamp; it was of the true, ensanguined Kingswood dye! You know this, Lord Kingswood—the deeds of a cut-throat, a hired assassin, a wanton stabber, are venial compared with your acts to Erla—"

"Woman! how dare you beard me thus?" he cried, with a burst of passion.

"How dare I beard you, Lord Kingswood?" she exclaimed, raising her form to its full height. "I am a Kingswood, too! by that right I beard you, and by a yet greater right—for I raised the flower you heartlessly crushed. She rested in my bosom an infant! I nourished, tended, reared her, a creature of rarest beauty both in nature and form. I loved her as fondly, as dearly as though she had been my own child. You took her from me, a lone-star of youth, health, and loveliness. She came back to me a wreck, a phantom, a shadow! She died in these arms; her spirit ascended to the kindred angels; her senseless form I consigned to the cold earth! Mine were the last human eyes that gazed upon that blighted lily! Mine are the only human eyes which rest daily on the trailing grass waving over the narrow earthen cell where she rests peacefully. How dare I beard you, Lord Kingswood? How dare I see you and not call you villain?"

Her excited language, divested of its epithets, would have deeply affected Lord Kingswood, but her invectives angered him. He thought not of the picture she painted; he heard only that she called him a villain, and he became the more resentful as he felt he most deserved it.

"I have already told you, Eldra," he said, sternly, "that revilings will not alter the irrevocable past. I now tell you that it is not to you that I am to be accountable for my actions. I will tell you also you view events through a false medium; unacquainted with facts, you judge from hearsay. I do not deserve all the opprobrium you heap on me. Indeed, I do not hesitate to say, that I was deeply attached to Erla, and had she been gently born and bred, her fate would have been, no doubt, different."

"Gently born and bred?" iterated Eldra, with a bitter wail of scorn. "What! has gentle blood a patent to preserve it from contamination? Does ancestry give its blood immunity from fraud, deception, and cruel wrongs? Are the humble alone to wear the badge of injury and humiliation? Is humble blood, adorned with beauty, innocence, truthfulness, to be lawful prey to the profligate of your class because it is humble? Shall purity, goodness, guileless loveliness, have no protection from the heartless machinations of a well-born libertine, because the blood which gives life and animation to those virtues springs not through a dozen descents from an illustrious fount? Are the chastity, the serenity, the happiness of the gently born to be sacred from pollution only because they are of a higher degree than some of their fellow-creatures? Does gentle birth constitute the pale wherein defilement dare not show its face, while it stalks rampant among the meaner born? My lord, the line of demarcation you have drawn should be transformed into a rope wherewith to hang the villain who adopts it. We live not in feudal times, Lord Kingswood. Even at that period, when the fetters of servitude were tightly riveted, when the lord was paramount, the principle was held to be cruel; in these days it is criminal. It is a ruffian's reasoning; but base and contemptible as it is, it will not serve you, for Erla, seemingly a mere child of the forest, was as noble born as yourself."

Lord Kingswood, who listened to old Eldra under strong feelings of resentment, repeated her words in a derisive tone, which in its turn appeared to sting her deeply. She started, as if pierced with a lance.

"Aye, my lord," she cried, excitedly, "nobly born! Beware how you heedlessly fling your scoffs while on this tender ground; you will find them, like curses, come home to roost. I tell you, Lord Kingswood of Kingswood, that Erla was as nobly born as yourself, for she was a Kingswood, aye, even as he is twice a Kingswood who at this moment beneath your roof awaits your acknowledgment of his indisputable rights."

"Your brain is turned with age, Eldra," said Lord Kingswood, contemptuously. "You confound the wanderings of a feeble mind with the events of a by-gone time."

"My body is feeble with age, my spirit with the many wrongs it has from time to time been compelled to endure, but my mind is as clear as when it first awoke to a sense of the shameful ruin brought upon me by one of our race. But what I have stated, Lord Kingswood of Kingswood, depends not upon the speculations of a wandering brain, or assertions coined under the smart of bitter wrongs; my assertions can be supported, and they shall be by proofs. Lady Kingswood shall judge between us, and herself eliminate the truth from my evidence and your denials."

"Your menace, Eldra, affects me not," he rejoined, with a curl of the lip. "Of late it has been a stratagem artfully resorted to in the expectation that I, under such pressure, should make terms to serve the purpose of an adventurer, and gratify the revengeful vindictiveness of one whose enmity I created by crossing him in a love dream. I, however, set the machinations at naught, and simply defy the most potent of my enemies."

"The traditions of your House, Lord Kingswood," exclaimed Eldra, "already—"

"Fah! I am sick of the wearisome stuff about the traditions of my House. I will put an end to all the idle romance and superstitious tales afloat by razing to the ground all the buildings upon my estate which foster and keep alive the fears of the ignorant and the schemes of the designing. And first I will begin by levelling this old, useless turret to the ground."

"You dare not, Lord Kingswood!" cried the old woman, with energy.

"Dare not!" he echoed, scornfully.

"Aye, my lord, you but hold it in trust and on conditions. You have no more power to destroy this old hunting-lodge than you have to sell the estates you hold by inheritance, and which you must transmit to your heir. You are told, too, to speak slightingly of superstitious tales, you who have *seen*. Have you forgotten the coppice of the white fawn, the dove pleading, the ghastly hunter with the bloody hand, the phantom baron in the moonbeams—"

Lord Kingswood's face became as white as marble.

"Silence, hag!" he cried, with pale and trembling lips.

"Nay, you spoke scornfully of superstitious tales," she rejoined, sarcastically, "and your limbs quiver and shake, and the cold sweat trickles down your brow as you remember your visitation, as fears crowd in upon you, suggesting awful visions yet to be seen by you."

"Peace; be silent on this head, I command you!" he cried, vehemently.

"Your commands fall powerlessly on my ear," she replied. "You have no power over me, that you know. You sought me, not I you, and you must hear me. You have formed the determination of destroying those portions of your palatial residence which once formed the habitation of Erle, Baron of Kingswood, who wrought the doom which clings yet to all who bear the name. Stay your hand, for the end is nigh—the dawn has appeared."

Lord Kingswood looked upon her with gloomy surprise. "What mean you?" he said.

"The blood of the living Erle of Kingswood has commingled with that of the dead Lady Maud, the Maiden of the Chace," she replied, in tones which thrilled him. "Unefaced through hundreds of years, a gory patch of the blood of your ancestress and mine has gleamed and stained the walls of yonder staircase. No hand has rested on it, no garment has brushed it till yesternoon, when your son and Erla's, Erle Kingswood, a Kingswood by the blood of both parents, unwittingly placed his hand on the sickening, ensanguined smear, brightly crimson, moist, wet, as though spilled but a moment previously; it dabbled his fair hand. With a wild cry, under some unearthly inspiration, he gashed his flesh, so that the two bloods commingled, and he exclaimed, exultingly, 'I am he whose blood shall mingle with that of Lady Maud's!' Even as he uttered those words the portrait of Erle, Lord of Kingswood, which has hung for centuries immovable upon the wall in the murder-room above, glided from its place, and descended with a loud crash, so that Erle of Kingswood of three hundred years agone stood face to face with Erle of Kingswood of to-day!"

Lord Kingswood listened with the aspect of one who hears dread tidings—the fulfillment of some long anticipated and feared prophecy. A pallor overspread his features, and a strange faintness for the moment seized him; his eye was fixed on the corpse-like features of the aged woman, and though he would have removed it, she seemed, by some power of fascination, to hold it there.

"You, my lord," she continued, as he remained silent, "are not ignorant of the portent of those occurrences. No Kingswood who has succeeded to the title has ever been able to escape or evade the inheritance which appertains to it. I speak of the traditions of your House, my lord, their menaces and their presages. Hitherto their dark prophecies have been fulfilled, and why not those that promise a happier future to one who must succeed you—him, the son of the wronged, outraged Erla?"

Lord Kingswood bit his lips and frowned. "He who will succeed me," he said, "is the son of Lady Kingswood."

"Aye, truly; for, though unacknowledged, Erla Kingswood was Lady Kingswood by her marriage with you," cried Eldra. "Ere long your lordship shall be furnished with so much of her unfortunate history as yet you are ignorant of. If the crime of having betrayed and broken the heart of a young and innocent girl has brought no compunction to your merciless soul, the revelations which await you respecting her may inflict a wound where alone you are vulnerable—your pride. Let me counsel you, my lord, to take warning by the past, think not of razing to the ground this old building, but humble your haughty spirit, bow your head in the dust in repentance while there is yet time; make such atonement and reparation for your pitiless destruction of the fair young flower whose only error was in loving you too well. Think not to overleap retribution by schemes and plots and infernal contrivances; you may avert justice for a time, but it will come at last, and fasten its fangs upon your throat and drag you down to perdition. I, for the last time, warn you. The shadow of the hand of death is on me: my term on earth is but short. I therefore speak in the spirit of prophecy. I have told you the dawn is at hand; he who shall lift the doom from the House of Kingswood now stands beneath its roof-tree. As you shall act to him, so shall your future prove to you. Acknowledge your grievous sin, proclaim him your son, and the heir—"

"Silence, fool," interposed Lord Kingswood, wrathfully. "The past must be buried in oblivion. She is dead. With her dies all memory of what then transpired. I will suffer no living being to resuscitate those miserable circumstances. I will acknowledge no son but him who bears my name and is known to the world as my son."

"Such is your fixed resolve?" said Eldra, with a stern and steadfast gaze upon him.

"My unalterable determination," he returned.

"Then is my resolution taken!" she exclaimed, with a sharp and pointed emphasis.

"What that may be I little care," he rejoined. "Whate'er it is it must be carried out elsewhere; this lodge has already wrought mischief enough, and it shall remain as it stands but a few days longer. I therefore direct you to quit it. Take with you, if you will, what there is within it, and depart, for I will not now rest while one stone stands upon another."

"Nor after it, Lord Kingswood," cried Eldra, with a shrill laugh. She pointed her white and skinny finger at him. "You are doomed," she added, with a tone and gesture which made his flesh creep. "There will be misery beneath your roof, misery beyond it. Your pride shall be trampled on, your most cherished projects thwarted. Your brain shall be racked with tortures of suspicion and mistrust. You shall henceforth know no peace, and happiness will be to you but a chimera. Go, thou doomed! The curse of our race clings to you; it will encircle your limbs like the folds of a serpent; with its venomous breath it will poison the atmosphere around you, and will at last paralyze, choke, destroy you. Go, accursed! In *her* name I bid you wander, with torturing care racking your brain and agony crushing your heart. Shunning and shunned shall you pass on for a brief time, and be no longer a Kingswood when the brand of murderer—the Kingswood brand—is stamped on your brow. Go!"

The aged woman, who spoke with great energy and in a tone which, in spite of his wish to treat her rhapsody with contempt, affected him with a species of awe, pointed with her stick in the direction of Kingswood Hall, and then re-entering the lodge, closed the door behind her with a loud noise, leaving him standing alone.

In some familiar, frequented place, and under the ordinary circumstances of every-day life, the language and the conduct of Eldra would have provoked from him probably nothing more than a burst of indignant ridicule. In the depths of that wild old Chace, and under the shadow of that frowning, ancient building, her words and her gestures assumed an aspect which inspired within him a species of dread awe. Her appearance was well calculated to strengthen this painful impression; her long, hoary locks, her colorless, wrinkled face, her piercingly-bright eyes gleaming beneath her shaggy brow, her eldritch laugh, and her singular energy, both of voice and action, combined with his own knowledge that she was a member of his own race, resident within that ghostly tenement by a right as good as that which made him Lord of Kingswood, caused him compulsorily to listen to her denunciation with that kind of inward apprehension which secretly assured him, though such menaces and prognostications might appear wild and improbable, they would be fulfilled.

His object in visiting this old hunting-lodge was at present unfulfilled; his intention had been to examine it carefully within ere he resigned it into the hands of workmen, who might discover strange things, which would enable them to set the neighboring villages alive with their superstitious gossip. He, before he reached it, entertained doubts as to whether it was inhabited; if he found it so, he quite expected that it gave shelter only to some wretched creatures who had no other home, and who could be dispossessed and sent to starve in some other part of the country beyond the precincts of his estate. He did not expect to find Eldra alive; her appearance dismayed him, not because she had lived beyond the age to which he had mentally allotted her, but because she knew that portion of his history he would have had buried in oblivion. She could prove a formidable ally to Vernon, and probably would, for he was not only conscious of her existence, but he had really for some years lived the life of a recluse with her in this old turret.

It must not be supposed that Lord Kingswood had for years the slightest reason to believe the old lodge was inhabited. When he first saw Erla he then became aware that the lodge was inhabited; he was not previously acquainted with this fact. His father, a sullen, morose man, had never mentioned the existence of the building itself to him, save to command him to avoid it as though it were a pest-house, and soon after he had pursued Erla with his professions of love, Eldra disappeared with her, and the lodge was to all appearance deserted. After he was married, he had too many important reasons for not approaching it, and he not only kept away from its vicinity, but he avoided mentioning it, as he did not wish to eliminate any remark likely to bear on the villany he had perpetrated.

Coming to it with the intentions he entertained when he quitted Kingswood Hall on the present occasion, he thought to be able to enter it unseen and to examine it alone. His purpose was strangely arrested, and though he felt disposed to rail at himself for his own weakness, he turned his back upon the tower, even as he heard a wild, shrill, quivering voice chant a solemn dirge, mourning for the soul of one departed.

He caught the sound of his own name, and a shuddering thrill passed over him. He plunged into a thicket and hastened away. Brave enough to face any danger in which the risk of his life was involved, he felt a mortal terror of that which, darkly foreshadowing, was purely intangible.

As he retraced his steps across one of the loneliest and wildest parts of the Chace, he was startled by the sound of crashing boughs. At first he thought it to be a strayed deer, of which there were several in the park, but a glance showed the dusky form of a man advancing towards him. A second glance, that it was Tubal Kish. He brought his rifle to his hip, and stood prepared, if necessary, to use it. His opinion of the man before him went to the extent that it would be quite as justifiable to shoot him, should occasion appear to demand it, as if he were a wild boar; he therefore displayed an intention of using his weapon if the ruffian attempted in any way to intercept or molest him.

The fellow, however, as soon as he perceived who was before him, cowered rather than presenting a bullying front.

"I thawt thee wer't t' young squire," he said, with a kind of growl.

Lord Kingswood, perhaps, would have passed on without speaking to him, but he saw a malignant scowl on the fellow's visage, and, coupling it with the expression he used, he at once perceived that he harbored an evil intention against Cyril. He looked at him sternly and said:

"If it had been my son, Mr. Cyril, villain, what then?"

"That he moight pray for mercy to the devil; I 'ood a' shown him none," returned Tubal Kish, between his teeth.

"You scoundrel!" cried Lord Kingswood, fiercely, "how dare you threaten him with your vindictive malice! he can never have harmed or wronged you."

"But he has, I tell 'ee," cried Tubal Kish. "I have told 'ee, Lord Kingswood, o't afore-time, an' I tell 'ee now again, he ha' blighted the vi'let o' the 'oods; he ha' brooken down the lily o' the Chace; he ha' brooken t'heart o' t' poor girl; she be loike her own ——. I ha' seen her, I tell 'ee. There be no rose upon cheek noar; no glowlight in her eyes; no moosic in her voice like t' nightingale in the twilight. She be t'shadow of hersen, an' she droops, an' droops, an' will soon fill up her place in cold grave. I tell 'ee, Lord Kingswood, I feel it here, here, here." The fellow beat his breast with his fist as he spoke. "An' I'll revenge her, too; for if thy son be not doon at Kingswood, I'll follow 'un to London, an' I walk the sore way on foot. He hath broken her heart and slain her, an' he shall answer to I vor it."

"Of whom do you speak, you frantic idiot?" cried Lord Kingswood, passionately.

"You know, Lord Kingswood, who I mean," he answered. "I ha' told to your teeth o' your son. I spoke of the WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE; thou know'st who that means. The Lords of Kingswood have brought the mildew, blight, an' shame upon all the young and fair ever born and bred in t'old hunting-lodge. But, Lord o' Kingswood, the cursed deed has brought back a violent death wi' it. No Lord o' Kingswood dies in his bed. Your father, my lord—"

An oath escaped the lips of Lord Kingswood, and, with a burst of frenzy, he raised his gun and fired it at Tubal. But when the smoke cleared away, Tubal stood there erect, and uttered a wild, exulting laugh.

"I shall not fall by your hand, Lord Kingswood," he said, with a sneer. "My life is charmed against your hand, as yours against mine; but you will die a dog's death. Aye, my lord, Ishmael is here; he is swooping above you like a hawk, an' he will strike you down ere you beest much older. I have a knife sharpened for thee one son, an' Philip Avon for 't ther, loike the Spectre o' the Chace. Beware! as much as thee will, death to thee an' destruction to thy family thee canst not avert. Old Eldra saith the dawning be nigh; so be thy doom, Lord o' Kingswood."

Tubal Kish shouted the last words in an ominous tone, and, shaking both fists at Lord Kingswood, he leaped into a mass of entangled bushes and disappeared, as if by magic. Lord Kingswood, further depressed by the new incident, and the information concerning Ishmael it conveyed, continued his way to Kingswood Hall, oppressed by sickening fears that, in spite of all his schemes and contrivances, he should yet find Vernon triumph and Erla avenged.

CHAPTER LXXII

Once more Lord Kingswood was seated in his library alone. Once more he tried to define his position and the chances which were left him to overcome its difficulties. Immediately previous to this last visit to Kingswood, he fancied that the worst were overcome, and there remained but a few, which he should find but little difficulty in smoothing away; but now he found them as sturdy, if not sturdier, than ever, and he felt that nothing but great decision, firmness, and promptitude of action would carry him through his troubles.

He fancied that an hour's arduous reasoning with Lady Kingswood would restore them to the relations they had formerly held—in the world's eyes; and that achieved, would do much to lighten the remainder of his task. With Cyril and Lady Maud married, he had but to dispose of Erle, and then for a time to travel abroad. He had, in the early part of his career, found this plan operate advantageously; why should it not do so now? Why, indeed, but that he had some dread foreboding, a strange kind of dead weight dragging at his heart, which seemed to forbid him to entertain hope.

His life latterly, so far as regarded communication with his family, had been lonely enough. In London Cyril had avoided him; Lady Kingswood at first refused to see him, and then separated herself from him. Lady Maud had excluded herself with Lady Kingswood, and, therefore, his house had been as a desert to him. Kingswood Hall seemed yet more dreary. In London he had occupation to engage his mind, here only his thoughts to companion him, and they were of a nature to fly from, not to encourage or indulge in.

The evening wore away drearily. The rustling of the waving trees made but mournful music, and rather increased his depression than alleviated it. Once he entertained the notion of sending for Lady Maud, under an impression that some conversation with her would lighten the burdensome hours, and save him from painful and even distracting rumination; but then he feared to be with her alone in converse. He remembered how earnestly she pleaded to him not to wed her to Philip Avon, and he remembered Philip Avon's charge against Erle—that he entertained designs upon her affections, and had gone so far as to declare his passion to her. He saw that Maud was pale and sad, that she looked mind worn and ill, and he feared that any conversation he might attempt to carry on with her would merge into the one wish uppermost, evidently, in her mind. He had no intention of paltering with his word to Philip Avon, and to listen to her youthful complainings or rueful appeals would only make his position more irksome than it was at present.

Ultimately, unable to endure his solitary apartment, peopled only with carking images of the future, he decided to visit Erle, and broach the subject which he intended to leave to the skillful management of Sir Harris Stanhope to work out.

Thus it was that he—when night had fairly set in, and the moon's pale beams were streaming over the far landscape and flooding it with light—bearing a taper, made his way to the antique portion of the building, where Erle had been placed by his orders.

On reaching it, he heard the sound of a voice uttering expressions in a loud, railing tone, and he was inexpressibly annoyed and disgusted to find Philip Avon standing without the door of Erle's prison, beating on it with his fists, and using language which was not only outrageously insulting in its character, but was coarse and vulgar in its construction. Withal it was plain that Philip had been indulging in an excess of wine.

Lord Kingswood checked his intemperate expressions and said, haughtily: "I am surprised to find you here, Mr. Avon."

"You should not be, my lord," returned Philip, trying to steady himself. "There are several reasons why I should come hither. You remember, my lord, that you promised me that this door should be watched. I find no one here in charge of it."

"A man has been placed here," said Lord Kingswood.

"Aye, has been, that I know; for I have been here before to-night to test him," returned Philip. "An insolent scoundrel I found him; but for that I forgive him, because he obeyed orders. You see, however, that he is no longer here now darkness has set in. The fool believes, no doubt, in ghosts, and has run away, leaving your precious *protege* to stop or go as he pleases."

"The man had my permission to depart: the door is locked, and his presence here is no longer necessary," said Lord Kingswood, sternly.

"There I beg your pardon," answered Philip Avon, with a coarse laugh; "a love-letter can be put beneath the door, or through the keyhole, and that is just what I am here to prevent."

"I do not comprehend you," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a frown.

"You are hard of belief, my lord; I am not," rejoined Philip Avon, with a sneer. "I hope you will acknowledge that young people will fall in love. Your lordship has been in love, I daresay; at least, I suppose Lady Kingswood thought so once—"

"You are rude, sir," interposed Lord Kingswood.

"I suppose I am," observed Philip. "You are not the only individual who has favored me with that piece of information; but if I am rude I am truthful. Now, most young people fall in love, they don't know why. I love Lady Maud, and I cannot tell why. She dislikes me, that I know; and snubs me, as Lady Kingswood knows. Yet she is a handsome, aristocratic dear little beauty; and so I love her. Well, my lord, she may be in love without being in love with me, though she is bound to love me: and she may not be able to tell why. Now, when people are in love, they are very apt to follow their inclinations without caring much what is really the very correct thing to do; and I more than strongly suspect that that is the case with Lady Maud—"

"Mr. Avon—sir. What would you dare to insinuate?" cried Lord Kingswood, fiercely.

"Against Lady Maud, nothing," he rejoined. "I would throttle the fellow that breathed a derogatory suspicion against her. Yet, being in love, she might in innocence commit herself without a thought of doing wrong. Suppose, now, at this moment, she were in that room with your prepossessing young friend, Mr Gower?"

"Preposterous! Mr. Avon," cried Lord Kingswood.

"Well, not so preposterous," rejoined Philip Avon. "If I did not love her, I should think nothing wonderful in her paying a visit to a young fellow she happened to be fond of; but as I do love her, if I found her alone in that room with him, I'd wrench his heart out of his body. And as I am not altogether satisfied that Lady Maud is not in that room, I request you, my lord, to open it and search it with me; and then, since none of your servants have the courage to stay here during the midnight hours, when the ghosts run out, I will occupy the post, and show you in the morning your prisoner as he was left in my charge—without the power to escape, I promise you."

There was a peculiarly vindictive tone in which the last words were uttered, that ought not to have escaped the ear of Lord Kingswood, but he did not appear to heed it.

"You are filled with unreasoning jealousies and absurd suspicions," responded Lord Kingswood; "but I am inclined to think lightly of such emotions, because they too often accompany vehement passion. The sooner you discard those feelings the better will it be for your happiness. However, in order to relieve your mind, and to prove to you the unkind error you have fallen into, we will together visit Lady Maud St. Clair's apartments. A word with her, will, I presume, set at rest your unhappy presentiments."

"So far as the visiting is concerned, my lord, but not the notes," returned Philip Avon; "but that part of the discovery, if any discovery is to be made, you may leave to me. I thank your lordship for the suggestion. We will pay Lady Maud a visit. The hour is late, but her ladyship will pardon us when she knows that the occasion of disturbing her springs from my passionate love for her.

Lord Kingswood was unconscious how much circumstances of late had changed him. There was a time, and not so long since, when such a scene as this could never have occurred. He would not only not have permitted Philip Avon, in his excited condition, to have had an interview with Lady Maud, but he would not have tolerated his presence there.

Now, with feelings of repugnance, it is true, he conducted him towards the apartments of Lady Maud. He had a vague impression that it was greatly opposed to his interests to quarrel with Philip Avon, and he saw that he was fiery, rash, and impetuous, quite as ready for contention or a brawl as for amicable relations; he performed, therefore, without demur an act from which he would at another period of his life shrunk with aversion.

Erle and Lady Maud stood within the room motionless, listening to the above colloquy. Lady Maud clung to Erle like one paralyzed. The voice of Philip Avon seemed to fill her with indescribable terror, nor was the presence of Lord Kingswood the subject of less fright; she trembled violently, and seemed as though she would sink to the floor in a swoon.

Once only Erle addressed her, and then in a whisper: "Fear not, beloved," he said; "no harm shall or can come to thee which thou needest fear. I love thee too well to leave thee to the attacks of tyranny or the stings of insult. Come what may, I will be ever near thee to shield, protect thee, and afford thee a haven within my arms—come what may! And then, Maud, dearest, it shall be upon such terms that, if it brings a blush to your cheek, it shall be one of pride and joy!"

The retreating footsteps of Lord Kingswood and Philip Avon had not died away ere the door opened and Harebell's head was seen. She beckoned Lady Maud hurriedly. Erle pressed the latter passionately to his heart. The door closed, and Erle was alone again.

Fortunately for Lady Maud, her suite of apartments possessed two entrances, and could be approached from two points. With a swift step Harebell conducted her, by means of the servants' corridor and a private staircase, to the entrance, which was nearly opposite to that towards which Lord Kingswood was conducting Philip; and when his lordship entered the ante chamber and rang a small hand-bell which stood upon the table, Harebell answered the summons from an inner apartment.

Lord Kingswood requested to see Lady Maud, and Harebell retired, to return with a message to his lordship to the effect that Lady Maud was indisposed, and requested that she might be excused making her appearance. Lord Kingswood sent word that it would be sufficient if he heard her voice. A motive, unnecessary now to explain, induced him to request that she would speak with him if only for a minute, and he begged she would comply with his wish.

Harebell retired, and in a few minutes Lady Maud appeared, pale, but cold, calm, and collected. She did not take the slightest notice of Philip Avon, and to Lord Kingswood, who addressed a few unmeaning words to her with reference to her health, she only bowed, but without speaking.

Philip Avon, under the influence of wine, was not to be repressed, and he commenced to speak of his love for her over riding every consideration. He could not make her love him, and for that he did not care, because he could make her his; and he took the opportunity of Lord Kingswood's presence to assure her of that fact.

Lady Maud shrunk from him with an expression of loathing, which Lord Kingswood saw with dismay; it was not mere dislike, but horror; and in that expression he saw a sign that the project of uniting her to Philip Avon was not likely to be accomplished without rendering her unhappy for life.

A groan almost escaped his lips, and even before Philip had concluded his thickly-uttered protestations, Lord Kingswood motioned to Lady Maud to retire—a permission of which she instantly availed herself, and retired within her chamber.

Philip Avon made an attempt to stay her, but Lord Kingswood caught him sharply by the arm, and said—"Mr. Avon, you must not transgress the bounds of good breeding, even under the excuse of excitement from wine. We must retire. I have resorted with reluctance to a mode of satisfying your jealous imaginings which, under no other circumstance, and for no other person, would I have done. You are, I trust, satisfied, and will be content to return to Hawkesbury at once. Mr. Gower is in my charge; he will be safe in my custody, and to-morrow he will be removed from hence forever."

Philip Avon mused moodily for a minute, and then he said—"Let me see that he is still within that room. For aught I know, he may be roaming at will over the Hall."

"Bah!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, angrily. "The key of the room which holds him is on my library table. I will proceed thither and prove to you that no opportunity has been afforded to Mr. Gower to quit his room, and I declare that none shall be given but with my permission."

Together they proceeded to the library, and upon the table lay the key which Harebell, only a minute before, had deposited there. From thence to the old chamber in the east wing they hastened, and Lord Kingswood placed the key in the lock. As he was about to turn it a low chuckle of triumph and malice broke on his ear.

He turned, and was startled to see upon the face of Philip Avon an expression of fiendish malice. He withdrew the key. "There is ill blood between you, Philip Avon. It would be wrong in me to permit you to enter."

"Why, my lord?" cried Philip, in a bullying tone. "I demand to enter that room!"

"You can, until you are hoarse," returned Lord Kingswood, "and then, if I do not think proper to accede to it, you would be but where you are now."

"My lord, my lord, I have something of the devil in me," he rejoined, clinching teeth and hands; "do not raise it, or I may not wait for permission."

Lord Kingswood's eyes flashed fire. "Boy!" he exclaimed, "do you think to daunt me? Another such expression from your lips, and I will sunder all connection at present existing between us, and command you to never again cross the threshold of my house."

Philip was startled by this fierce ebullition, and was not himself so much the victim of passion as not to see that he was damaging his own interests by quarrelling with Lord Kingswood. If he made him his enemy, farewell to his hopes of Lady Maud. She would be lost to him for ever, and this would be a blow he would not know how to sustain; for whatever might be the selfishness of his nature, he loved her wildly, passionately, and madly. To obtain her, he would make any sacrifice, undergo any risk or hazard, and he was equally prepared to surrender any wish or design rather than endanger his chance of obtaining possession of her hand.

"Lord Kingswood," he said, partly sobered by the last outburst, "you find it naturally impossible to measure my feelings with respect to this fellow. I own I bear him malice, that I harbor feelings of revenge against him; I have cause. He not only nearly killed me, but he would rob me of that which I hold dearest of all the gifts the world has to bestow. But since you fear that to be with him in his cell would be to ensure a collision between us, all I ask is, that I may, with those eyes, see him within; that I may receive from you a solemn promise that he shall not be removed from this room until the morning. I will then depart from hence satisfied."

"That promise will I grant to you on three conditions," said Lord Kingswood.

"Name them," replied Philip, quickly.

"That when I open the door you do not cross the threshold; that when you see Mr. Gower you do not address him; and then, when I enter the room, you will at once quit Kingswood Hall."

"I consent," said Philip Avon, laconically.

Lord Kingswood turned the key in the lock and opened the door. Both simultaneously uttered an exclamation, but the sound which Lord Kingswood uttered was more like a shriek. Erle Kingswood stood erect with stern aspect awaiting his visitors; he had heard them without the door, and he anticipated a meeting of a character which could not be otherwise than painful to him. He knew not what insults and outrage in the shape of scoffs, taunts, perhaps blows, he might be subjected to, but he set his heart boldly to undergo the ordeal, and was more collected and composed than might have been expected. To Philip Avon he intended to hurl back scorn for scorn, to Lord Kingswood—he knew not what. If it was possible to form a belief out of the crude material at his command respecting his birth, he felt that he must regard Lord Kingswood as his father, but unknowing all the past, having but a vague impression of the real wrongs he—and she who bore him—had endured at the hands of Lord Kingswood, he felt that he could only be guided in his conduct by Lord Kingswood's treatment of him.

The moonbeams rested on his pale face, and his eyes gleamed like stars from beneath his dark brows. Lord Kingswood remembered a portion of the tradition of his House as he gazed on the face of this youth, so extraordinarily like the portrait in the gallery, so remarkably like himself, as it gleamed in the moonbeams, and he felt as faint as death. For a moment he caught at the door-post and supported himself. To consign this boy, unacknowledged, to some distant land, seemed like fighting against inexorable fate. Yet withal, he made a desperate effort to recover himself, and said—"Mr. Gower!"

"I am here, my lord," was the calm reply.

Lord Kingswood turned to Philip Avon, but he had departed. He looked down the corridor, but could perceive no trace of him.

Then he re-entered the chamber, to propose plans, to lay temptation in Erle's path, to reason, beguile, deceive, and betray him, feeling, yet refusing to acknowledge it even to himself, that the great and terrible *denouement*, which not only would entirely change the position and the future history of his House, but determine his own fate, was close at hand. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dearest! across the sky,
  Our flag floats free!
Millions are called from love, and I
  Am called from thee.
  O let no pallor weak
Discolor that fair cheek,
  That red with proud, heroic blood appears.
When I come back to claim
Thy form and thy dear name,
  It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

Were I a man to stay
  When all I hope,
Wife, home are staked upon the fray
  And deadly cope?
  No tremors now, dear heart!
The Roman Matron's part
  Act in thy virgin bloom and tender years!
When I come back to claim
Thy form and thy dear name,
  It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ In Belgium, the government has ordered the construction of some railway carriages for the especial conveyance of sick persons, which contain a suitably-furnished bed chamber, provided with special conveniences for those who may be suffering from broken limbs.

☞ An Obituary.—The *Ledger*, of this city, recently contained the following affecting lines:—

"So sweet a flower to bloom on earth,
  The rose that crowned our little plot
Has withered here to blossom forth
  In a superior flower-pot.
His body lies in the Union ground.
  His soul has gone to Him who gave it,
And shall we never hear again
  The prattling of our little Jacob?"

☞ Unwise Virgins.—Virginia, the two Carolines, Georgia, Allie Bama, Flora Day, Louisa Anna, Mrs. Sippi, and we don't know now many others. Miss Souri and Mary Land appear to be getting wiser.

☞ An elderly gentleman, named Evans, has been fined twenty shillings by the Southampton magistrates for filling in his census paper inaccurately. He is about seventy years of age, and he stated in the paper that he was one hundred and five. He refused to correct the error, and said the enumerator had no right to ask the age of any one.

SOUTH CAROLINA THROUGH BRITISH SPECTACLES.

[Mr. Russell, the travelling correspondent of the *London Times*, writes to that journal the following letter. He depicts the secret longings of the Secession leaders for a monarchical government, and thus gives the best evidence of what has been frequently charged against them:—]

South Carolina, April 30, 1861.

Nothing I could say could be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations, I have conversed with them freely and fully, and I have enjoyed that frank, courteous, and graceful intercourse which constitutes an irresistible charm of their society. From all quarters have come to my ears the echoes of the same voice; it may be feigned, but there is no discord in the note, and it sounds in wonderful strength and monotony all over the country. Shades of George III., of North, of Johnson, of all who contended against the great rebellion which tore these colonies from England, can you hear the chorus which rings through the State of Marion, Sumter, and Pinckney, and not clap your ghostly hands in triumph? That voice says, "If we could only get one of the Royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content." Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, varied in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again. There is a general admission that the means to such an end are wanting, and the desire cannot be gratified. But the admiration for monarchical institutions on the English model, for the privileged classes, and for a landed aristocracy and gentry, is undisguised and apparently genuine. With the pride of having achieved their independence is mingled in the South Carolinians' hearts a strange regret at the result and consequences, and many are they who "would go back to-morrow if we could." An intense affection for the British connection, a love of British habits and customs, a respect for British sentiment, law, authority, order, civilization, and literature, pre-eminently distinguish the inhabitants of this State, who, glorying in their descent from ancient families on the three islands, whose fortunes they still follow, with whose members they maintain not unfrequently familiar relations, regard with an aversion, of which it is impossible to give an idea to one who has not seen its manifestations, the people of New England and the populations of the Northern States, whom they regard as tainted beyond cure by the venom of "Puritanism." Whatever may be the cause, this is the fact and the effect. "The State of South Carolina was," I am told, "founded by gentlemen." It was not established by witch-burning Puritans, by cruel, persecuting fanatics, who implanted in the North the standard of Torquemada, and breathed into the nostrils of their newly-born colonies all the ferocity, bloodthirstiness, and rabid intolerance of the Inquisition. It is absolutely astounding to a stranger who aims at the preservation of a decent neutrality to mark the violence of these opinions. "If that confounded ship had sunk with those — Pilgrim Fathers on board," says one, "we never should have been driven to these extremities." "We could have got on with these fanatics if they had been either Christians or gentlemen," says another; "for, in the first case, they would have acted with common charity, and in the second, they would have fought when they insulted us; but there are neither Christians nor gentlemen among them!" "Anything on the earth," exclaims a third, "any form of government, any tyranny or despotism you will, but"—and here is an appeal more terrible than the abjuration of all the gods—"nothing on earth shall ever induce us to submit to any union with the brutal, bigoted blackguards of the New England States, who neither comprehend nor regard the feelings of gentlemen! Man, woman, and child, we'll die first." Imagine these and an infinite variety of similar sentiments uttered by courtly, well-educated men, who set great store on a nice observance of the usages of society, and who are only moved to extreme bitterness and anger when they speak of the North, and you will fail to conceive of the intensity of the dislike of the South Carolinians for the free States. There are national antipathies on our side of the Atlantic which are tolerably strong, and have been, unfortunately, pertinacious and long-lived. The hatred of the Italian for the Tedesco, of the Greek for the Turk, of the Turk for the Russ, is warm and fierce enough to satisfy the Prince of Darkness, not to speak of a few little pet aversions among allied Powers and the atoms of composite empires; but they are all mere indifference and neutrality of feeling, compared to the animosity evinced by the "gentry" of South Carolina for the "rabble of the North."

The contests of Cavalier and Roundhead, of Vendean and Republican, even of Orangeman and Croppy, have been elegant joustings, regulated by the finest rules of chivalry, compared with those which North and South will carry on, if their deeds support their words. "Immortal hate, the study of revenge," will actuate every blow, and never in the history of the world, perhaps, will go forth such a dreadful *væ victis* as that which may be heard before the fight has begun. There is nothing in all the dark caves of human passion so cruel and deadly as the hatred the South Carolinians profess for the Yankees. That hatred has been swelling for years, till it is the very life-blood of the State. It has set South Carolina to work steadily to organize her resources for the struggle, which she intended to provoke if it did not come in the course of time. "Incompatibility of temper" would have been sufficient ground for the divorce, and I am satisfied that there has been a deep-rooted design, conceived in some men's minds thirty years ago, and extended gradually year after year to others, to break away from the Union at the very first opportunity. The North is to South Carolina a corrupt and evil thing, to which for long years she has been bound by burning chains, while monopolists and manufacturers fed on her tender limbs. She has been bound in a Maxentian union to the object she loathes. New England is to her the incarnation of moral and political wickedness and social corruption. It is the source of everything which South Carolina hates, and of the torrents of free thought and taxed manufactures, of Abolitionism and of fillibustering! which have flooded this land. Believe a Southern man as he believes himself, and you must regard New England and the kindred States as the birthplace of impurity of mind among men and of unchastity in women—the home of Free Love, of Fourierism, of Infidelity, of Abolitionism, of false teachings in political economy and in social life—a land saturated with the drippings of rotten philosophy, with the poisonous infections of a fanatic press, without honor or modesty, whose wisdom is paltry cunning, whose valor and manhood have been swallowed up in a corrupt, howling demagogy, and in the marts of a dishonest commerce. It is the merchants of New York who fit out ships for the slave trade, and carry it on in Yankee ships. It is the capital of the North which supports, and it is Northern men who concoct and execute, the fillibustering expeditions which have brought discredit on the slaveholding States! In the large cities people are corrupted by itinerant and ignorant lecturers; in the towns and in the country by an unprincipled press. The populations, indeed, know how to read and write, but they don't know how to think, and they are the easy victims of the wretched imposters on all the ologies and isms who swarm over the region, and subsist by lecturing on subjects which the innate vices of mankind induce them to accept with eagerness, while they assume the garb of philosophical abstractions to cover their nastiness, in deference to a contemptible and universal hypocrisy. "Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?" Assuredly the New England demon who has been persecuting the South till its intolerable cruelty and insolence forced her, in a spasm of agony, to rend her chains asunder. The New Englander must have something to persecute, and as he has hunted down all his Indians, burned all his witches, and persecuted all his opponents to the death, he invented Abolitionism as the sole resource left to him for the gratification of his favorite passion. Next to this motive principle is his desire to make money dishonestly, trickily, meanly, and shabbily. He has acted on it in all relations with the South, and has cheated and plundered her in all his dealings by villainous tariffs. If one objects that the South must have been a party to this, because her boast is that her statesmen have ruled the Government of the country, you are told that the South yielded out of pure good nature. Now, however, she will have free trade, and will open the coasting trade to foreign nations, and shut out from it the hated Yankee, who so long monopolized and made their fortunes by it. Under all the varied burdens and miseries to which she was subjected, the South held fast to her sheet-anchor. South Carolina was the mooring-ground in which it found the surest hold. The doctrine of State Rights was her salvation, and the fiercer the storm raged against her, the more stoutly demagogy, immigrant preponderance, on the blasts of universal suffrage, bore down on her, threatening to sweep away the vested interests of the South in her right to govern the States—the greater was her confidence, and the more resolutely she held on her cable. The North attracted "hordes of ignorant Germans and Irish," and the scum of Europe, while the South repelled them. The industry, the capital of the North increased with enormous rapidity, under the influence of cheap labor and manufacturing ingenuity and enterprise, in the villages which swelled into towns, and the towns which became cities, under the unenvious eye of the South. She, on the contrary, toiled on slowly, clearing forests and draining swamps to find new cotton grounds and rice fields, for the employment of her only industry, and for the development of her only capital—"involuntary labor." The tide of immigration waxed stronger, and by degrees she saw the districts into which she claimed the right to introduce that capital closed against her, and occupied by free labor. The doctrine of squatter "sovereignty," and the force of hostile tariffs, which placed a heavy duty on the very articles which the South most required, completed the measure of injuries to which she was subjected, and the spirit of discontent found vent in fiery debate, in personal insults, and in acrimonious speaking and writing, which increased in intensity in proportion as the Abolition movement, and the contest between the Federal principle and State Rights, became more vehement. I am desirous of showing in a few words, for the information of English readers, how it is that the Confederacy which Europe knew simply as a political entity has succeeded in dividing itself. The slave States held the doctrine, or say they did, that each State was independent as France or as England, but that for certain purposes they chose a common agent to deal with foreign nations, and to impose taxes for the purpose of paying the expenses of the agency. We, it appears, talked of American citizens when there were no such beings at all. There were, indeed, citizens of the sovereign State of South Carolina, or of Georgia, or of Florida, who permitted themselves to pass under that designation, but it was merely a matter of personal convenience. It will be difficult for Europeans to understand this doctrine, as nothing like it has been heard before, and no such Confederation of sovereign States ever existed in any country in the world. The Northern men deny that it existed here, and claim for the Federal Government powers not compatible with such assumptions. *They* have lived for the Union, they served it, they labored for and made money by it. A man as a New York man was nothing—as an American citizen he was a great deal. A South Carolinian objected to lose his identity in any description which included him and a "Yankee clock-maker" in the same category. The Union was against him; he remembered that he came from a race of English gentlemen who had been persecuted by the representatives—for he will not call them the ancestors—of the Puritans of New England, and he thought that they were animated by the same hostility to himself. He was proud of old names, and he felt pleasure in tracing his connection with old families in the old country. His plantations were held by old charters, or had been in the hands of his fathers for several generations; and he delighted to remember that, when the Stuarts were banished from their throne and their country, the Burgesses of South Carolina had solemnly elected the wandering Charles, King of their State, and had offered him an asylum and a kingdom. The philosophical historian may exercise his ingenuity in conjecturing what would have been the result if the fugitive had carried his fortunes to Charleston.

South Carolina contains 34,000 square miles, and a population of 720,000 inhabitants, of whom 385,000 are black slaves. In the old rebellion it was distracted between revolutionary principles and the loyalist predilections, and at least one half of the planters were faithful to George III., nor did they yield till Washington sent an army to support their antagonists and drove them from the colony.

In my next letter I shall give a brief account of a visit to some of the planters, as far as it can be made consistent with the obligations which the rites and rights of hospitality impose on the guest as well as upon the host. These gentlemen are well bred, courteous and hospitable. A genuine aristocracy, they have time to cultivate their minds, to apply themselves to politics and the guidance of public affairs. They travel and read, love field sports, racing, shooting, hunting and fishing, are bold horsemen and good shots. But, after all, their State is a modern Sparta—an aristocracy resting on helotry, and with nothing else to rest upon. Although they profess (and I believe, indeed, sincerely) to hold opinions in opposition to the opening of the slave trade, it is nevertheless true that the clause in the Constitution of the Confederate States which prohibited the importation of negroes was especially and energetically resisted by them, because, as they say, it seemed to be admission that slavery was in itself an evil and a wrong. Their whole system rests on slavery, and as such they defend it. They entertain very exaggerated ideas of the military strength of their little community, although one may do full justice to its military spirit. Out of their whole population they cannot reckon more than 60,000 adult men by any arithmetic, and as there are nearly 30,000 plantations, which must be, according to law, superintended by white men, a considerable number of these adults cannot be spared from the State for service in the open field. The planters boast that they can raise their crops without any inconvenience by the labor of their negroes, and they seem confident that the negroes will work without superintendence. But the experiment is rather dangerous, and it will only be tried in the last extremity.

England Coming a Little to Her Senses.—Lord John Russell has announced in Parliament that the Government had determined to prohibit privateers from bringing prizes into any British ports, and that France intended adhering to its laws, which prohibit privateers from remaining in port over twenty-four hours to dispose of prizes.

He also said that England and France had sent propositions to Washington based on the declarations of the Paris Congress, and that an answer was expected by every mail.

The London Times has an editorial on the speeches of the American ministers, and others, in the recent meeting in Paris, charging them with groundless irritability and anger against England, and says that the Unionists are, in fact, enraged because Great Britain presumes to be neutral. It adds, "If this be the temper of the Northern Press now, what will it become months hence?" It is plain that the utmost care and circumspection must be used by every man or party in England to avoid giving offence to either of the incensed belligerents.

Successful Affair at Romney, Virginia.—Under instructions from Major General Patterson, Col. Lewis Wallace, with his regiment of Indiana volunteers, left Cumberland on the 11th inst. for Romney, Va., where he surprised, and, after a sharp fight, completely routed five hundred secession troops, capturing some prisoners, killing two, wounding one, and taking a first class camp equipage, provisions, medical stores, arms, etc. On our side, one was slightly wounded. The regiment returned to Cumberland the same day.

[Romney is the county seat of Hampshire county, Virginia, about twenty miles due south of Cumberland.]

Bearding the British Lion.—A good anecdote is told upon Lord Lyons, the English Minister. Promenading with a beautiful American woman a few evenings since, at the reception of one of the Cabinet ministers, he remarked upon the splendor of her dress, which was a chaste blue silk, brilliantly spangled. "But I observe," he said, "that you display thirty-five stars instead of thirty-four—one too many." "Oh, no, my lord," said the fair patriot, "the additional star is *Canada!*"

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour during the past week has been unsettled and irregular, and the prices of the low grades especially have declined 12½@25c per bbl; 13@14,000 bbls have been disposed of, mostly for export, at $5@5,25 for Western and Penna superfine, the latter for standard brands; $5@5,50 for Western and Pennsylvania extra, and $5,75@6,75 per bbl for extra family and fancy lots, according to brand and quality, including about 9,000 bbls Western extra and extra family taken on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have also been moderate within the above range of prices for superfine, extras and extra family, and $7@7,50 per bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are not inquired for and dull, the former being offered at $3,50, and the latter at $2,87½ ℔ bbl for Pennsylvania Meal, without sales to any extent.

GRAIN.—There has been rather more Wheat offering, and prices under a limited demand both for shipment and milling are unsettled, and 8@10c ℔ bus lower. Sales reached some 34,000 bus at from 122 to 138c for common to good and choice reds, mostly Western and Pennsylvania, closing at 127c for the latter, and from 135 to 147c for white, including 1,000 bus of the latter, prime Pennsylvania, at 138c afloat. Rye is also dull and lower, with sales of 3,500 bus Pennsylvania to note at 65@64c, including one lot on terms kept private. Corn has ruled unsettled and quiet, with sales of 25,000 bus to note at 54c for prime Southern and Pennsylvania yellow afloat; 50@52c for fair quality; 42@54c for inferior and good white, and 46@50c for Western mixed, as in quality. Oats have been steady at 30@31c for Southern and Pennsylvania, with moderate receipts and sales.

PROVISIONS.—The market is almost at a stand still, and the sales of Pork in a retail way at $18 ℔ bbl for Mess. Beef is steady at $14@16 for Western and city Mess. In Bacon and Green Meats the sales are limited, and prices nominally unchanged. Lard moves off as wanted at 9@9¼c for country, and 10c for prime Western in tcs and bbls; kegs are worth 10½@11c, cash and time. Butter is dull, and roll is selling at 8@10c, and a sale of packed was made at 9½c. Cheese is dull at 7@8c, as in quality. Eggs are better and selling at 12c ℔ doz.

COTTON.—The stock is very light, but the market has been pretty much at a stand still, and a few small lots only have been disposed of at full rates.

ASHES are firm, and a small business to note in Pots and Pearls at 5½@5¾c per ℔.

BARK.—Quercitron continues scarce and in demand, with further sales of about 150 hhds to note, at $28 for 1st No 1. The receipts are light. Tanners' Bark continues dull, and the sales limited at $11@11,50 for Spanish, $8@8,50 for Chestnut, and $6 ℔ cord for Peach Oak.

BEESWAX is dull, and good yellow is quoted at 30@31c, without sales.

COAL.—The market is firm, with a fair business doing for the season, mostly to go East; for home use, the sales are moderate.

COFFEE.—The receipts and stocks are light, and the market is firmer and more active. Sales include some 4000 bags Laguayra and Maracaibo, at 13¼@13⅝c for the former and 13⅝c for the latter, now held higher, and 500 bags Rio, of which the stock is all out of first hands, at 10¾@12½c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER.—There is little or nothing doing in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and prices are nominally unchanged.

FRUIT continues dull. In Dried Fruit there is nothing doing, the season being over.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 12 to 18c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are not inquired for.

IRON.—There is no new feature in the market and little or nothing doing to alter quotations, which are nearly nominal, both for Pig and Manufactured Iron.

LEAD.—Galena is unsettled and low; a sale of 1000 pigs was made in a neighboring market to come here, on terms kept private.

LUMBER.—There is no change in White or Yellow Pine, and very little doing in the way of sales; Susquehanna Boards range at $12@15, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $10. Laths and Pickets are plenty and prices unsettled and drooping. Southern Shingles are all out of first hands; of White Pine do sales are making at $12@15 ℔ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is quiet, and the only transactions are some small sales Cuba at 16@18c, 4 mos.

PLASTER.—There is little or none selling, and we quote soft dull and nearly nominal at $2 ℔ ton.

RICE is quiet, and the sales in a retail at 5¾@6c ℔ ℔.

SEEDS.—There is nothing doing in any kind worthy of note, and no change in the market.

SPIRITS.—Brandies are selling in a small way at full prices. Gins are firm, but quiet. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 30c. In Whiskey there is very little doing; bbls are steady at 16½@17c, and hhds at 16½c, with light receipts and sales.

SUGARS.—The market is firmer and more active; there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales this week. Refined Sugars are also better.

TALLOW is steady at 9¼ to 9½c for city, and 8¾c for country rendered, but there is not much selling.

TOBACCO is quiet, owing to the firmness of holders, and the sales are mostly in a small way at full prices.

WOOL.—The market continues unsettled and dull, and the sales mostly confined to small lots of the medium and low grades, within the range of quotations.

MILITARY MATTERS.

Care for Soldiers an Important Matter.—In the Crimea the troops which resisted privations and fatigue most successfully, were those commanded by colonels who were careful of their soldiers. For example:—Of two regiments which left the camp of St. Omer at the same time, arrived together in the Crimea, (in the month of October, 1855,) encamped side by side, having submitted to the same atmospheric vicissitudes and performed like service, one of them had preserved, on the 1st of April, 1855, 2,224 soldiers, out of a force of 2,676 men; whilst the other, with a force of 2,327 men, had left to it only 1,239. This account includes those who died from diseases and not from wounds received in battle. In the navy the commander of a vessel watches over the composition of the food of the crew, and moreover, respects scrupulously the hour for breakfast and that for dinner; never is it delayed, anticipated or interrupted.

It is desirable that the same scruples should pervade the army, and that these wise measures for the preservation of health should never be infringed without a clear and absolute necessity. Rewards are given to colonels of cavalry in whose squadrons is preserved the greatest number of horses, and results in an excellent and profitable emulation. Similar results, but still more important and happy, would be experienced, if like rewards were bestowed upon the colonels whose battalions were distinguished for the healthy condition of the men.—*Translated from La Guerre de Crimea, etc., by L. Baudens, Inspecteur, Membre du Counseil des Armees.*

General Mansfield.—General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, now in command of the forces at Washington, and who is reported at the head of a very important expedition planned for speedy execution, is a native of Connecticut, from whence he entered West Point, in 1817, to graduate 1822, second in his class. This gave him a commission in the engineer corps, and when "Old Zach" went to Mexico, Capt. Mansfield was selected as the chief engineer of the army of occupation. His services at the defence of Fort Brown, at Monterey, (where he was severely wounded in storming the enemy's position,) and at Buena Vista, won him brevets and fame. In 1853, he was appointed Inspector General, with the rank of colonel. He has been promoted to a generalship within a short time. "Perley" describes him as a 'soldier-like gentleman, with a full white beard, which gives him a patriarchial air:" and says he is "brave but discreet, a thorough tactician, and an accomplished military engineer."

General McLellan.—Major General George B. McLellan commands the military department of the great north-west, and will probably move down in the direction of the Mississippi river or western Virginia, as the war opens. He is a native of Philadelphia, and is under forty years of age. He graduated at West Point with the highest distinction; thence he was transferred to Mexico, under Gen. Scott, where, for his valor, he was twice brevetted. After the war he was associated with Capt. Marcy in the exploration of the sources of the Red river, and was subsequently transferred to Oregon. He was then appointed on the Crimean commission, which enabled him personally to inspect the military systems of all the great European Powers, England, France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and to witness the operations of war under the highest scientific attainments and on a grand scale. He thus became one of the best educated officers in the service. For the last three years he has been the executive head of the great Illinois Central Railroad. He is at once prudent and resolute.

Colonel Prentiss.—Col. B. M. Prentiss, who has the command of the United States forces at Cairo, and is, therefore, likely to be called into action at an early day, is a native of Illinois, or at least he has lived there from boyhood. He went to the Mexican war as the lieutenant of an Illinois company, and was selected by the lamented J. J. Hardin as his adjutant. By Hardin's side he fought in every battle until that gallant chieftain fell, and with his own hands he helped to dress his corpse for the last rites of humanity. During that entire campaign he was the most intimate companion of that lamented officer, and the sash which he wears now at the head of his regiment is the one which Hardin wore on that last fatal field. He is an able officer, and very popular with his men. He was a candidate for Congress in the Fifth Illinois district last year, but the Democratic majority was too much for him.

Scott's Answer.—All the movements made under Scott's auspices have been characterized by extreme caution, and when, on a recent occasion, he was urged by a prominent member of the Cabinet to make an important forward movement, he said that he had never yet lost a division of the army, and did not intend to; that if such a move were made, then one of these things would happen—the division would be cut off, or be compelled to retreat, or the rest of the army would have to be advanced to support it before it was ready, either of which would be very dangerous. This was before the advance of McDowell's army into Virginia, and while the insane press of New York was raving for instantaneous action. This sort of careless advance is what has produced the disasters at Great and Little Bethel.—*North American.*

Running.—The great mistake which men make in running is by starting in too great a hurry. Unusual exercise demands an increased circulation of the blood and rapid breathing. The heart must pump away with greater energy. Now, the organs of circulation cannot be put upon their highest tension in a moment, and the man who attempts to run swiftly before his wind is up, as it is called, finds himself suddenly out of breath and exhausted. Men who have passed the middle age of life often have some derangement in the circulation, and incur great danger by such exercise. We once saw a man fall dead who had ran on an alarm of fire. We have often ran five miles up hill and down without breaking our trot, but we ran the first quarter of a mile little beyond a fast walk, and gradually increased our speed until the last mile was at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. We have found many who would outrun us for a short distance but, give us a mile or more and we will beat them. It is a good exercise for boys and young men, and especially for soldiers, but they should practice first the quick and then the double-quick before they run. Making raw recruits run at full speed may develope their physical defects, but it is not the way to make good soldiers. To run well, place the hands on the hips, draw the elbows somewhat back, so as to expand the chest, and breathe through the nostrils and not through the mouth; start gradually, increase the speed to the highest point required.—*Bethel Courier.*

Soldiers' Letters.—It is the practice in the British army throughout the world for soldiers to frank their own letters, by merely putting on the corner of the envelope "Soldier's letter." This is respected by all the British post-offices and mails throughout the world as a free frank. By every foreign-mail letters are received from the East Indies and elsewhere through the Boston post-office with this frank. In view of the sacrifices made by our volunteers and soldiers, and the small pay received, we suggest that some provision be made by Congress for carrying their letters free of postage.

NEWS ITEMS.

The King of Prussia has given permission to the officers of the Prussian army to offer their services to the Government of the United States during the war for the maintenance of the integrity of the Republic.

The Hudson Gazette tells of a little four-year old girl who, while repeating the catechism at her mother's knee, replied, in answer to the question, "What did God create?" "The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars—*and the stripes.*"

At a recent great Union meeting at Knoxville, Tenn., some Alabama secession troops passing the meeting on a railroad train fired into the meeting, many women and children being present. The fire was returned, and the meeting was with difficulty prevented from tearing up the track. The procession of Union men on horseback, about four deep, was half a mile long, variously estimated to contain from eight to twelve hundred men. At the head of each division the stars and stripes were floating to the number of six banners.

Poisoning the Soldiers.—A letter from Miss Dix to a gentleman in this city states positively that several soldiers have died in the hospital in Washington city, poisoned by strychnine contained in cakes which they purchased from peddlers who came around their camps. This is horrible.—*Pittsburg Post.*

About 2,800 secession troops have been ordered from Pensacola to Virginia.

In allusion to the large numbers of Southern secession ladies who have come North, an exchange paper says:—"Will any gentleman of secession proclivities tell us whether this isn't the first instance on record where a party at war have sent their women and children to their enemies for protection?"

The Petersburg, Va., ladies, forty in number, are drilling for fight. Their captain is Josephine Swan. What a jolly company to capture.

Mosquito Exterminator.—Our soldiers at Fort Pickens and elsewhere are likely to be subjected to great suffering from mosquitoes. A correspondent of the New York Tribune asserts that a most effectual means of keeping off these pests is to smoke cigarettes made of pennyroyal. The experiment is worth trying, and we hope those who have quantities of the herb to spare will send a supply to our soldiers, with directions for its use.

U. S. Passes into Virginia.—The following is the condition attached to the passes granted to those who visit the entrenchments upon the other side of the Potomac:

"It is understood that the within-named and subscribed accepts this pass on his word of honor that he is, and ever will be, loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union, or in any way aiding her enemies, *the penalty will be death.*"

Dull Times at New Orleans.—We quote from the prices current of the New Orleans Bee of the 3d:—

Tobacco—We did not hear of a sale.
Sugar and Molasses—Nothing reported.
Flour—Nothing reported.
Coffee—We did not hear of a sale.
Oats, Bran and Hay—Nothing reported.

The marine lists exhibit a like aching void, thus:

Saturday—No arrivals from sea.
Sunday—No arrivals from sea.

Cow Disease.—A disease has made its appearance among cows in the vicinity of Camp Washington, at Easton. The only visible symptoms are a remarkable falling off in the quantity of milk given, especially at morning milking, which is the cause of much disappointment to farmers and milkmaids. It was unheard of previous to the advent of the soldiers, but is now known as the "Army Drouhgt." It has not extended beyond a circle of one mile.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 788 head. Prices varying from $8 to 9½ ℔ cwt. 40 Cows were sold at from $20 to 30 ℔ head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $3,00 to 3,25 ℔ cwt, gross. 880 Hogs brought from $5½ to 6½ ℔ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, May 15th, by the Rev. Robt. C. Matlack, of the Church of the Nativity, Mr. John K. Gamble, to Miss Martha S. Hancock.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Father Lilley, of St. Joseph's, Mr. Simon P. McKenny, to Miss Elizabeth Parker, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. James Spaulding, to Miss Emma J. Kemble, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 26th of May, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. Jacob R. Fetters, to Miss Mary A. Watson, daughter of E. Watson, Esq. both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, May 28th, 1861, at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. Chas. R. Bonnell, Mr. Henry D. Basler, to Miss Emma L. Dreby, both of this city.

On the 26th of Feb. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Charles W. Bender, to Miss Alice Bidleman, youngest daughter of John Bidleman, Esq. of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. R. Watts, Mr. Robert Crawford, to Mary McMaster, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, Thomas Ashmead, in his 77th year.

In Paris, France, on the 19th of May, Francis Peters, of this city.

On the 10th instant, William E. Thomas, in his 28th year.

On Sunday morning, 9th instant, George E. Loudenslager, in his 26th year.

In West Chester, Pa. on the 7th instant, Henrietta C. Pettit, wife of John D. Pettit, Esq.

On the morning of the 7th instant, Henry D. Cook, in his 32d year.

On Friday morning, the 7th instant, Charles H. Stone, in his 47th year.

On the 10th instant, Thomas Bennett, aged 57 years.

On the 11th instant, Ellis Curtis, in her 25th year.

At Centreton, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. Mercy A. Deacon, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, Charles Rex, of this city, in his 63d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 15, 1861.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	1½ dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to [illegible]
Florida	— dis.	New York City	[illegible] dis.
Georgia	25 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	15 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	52 dis.
Indiana	2 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	2 dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania	par to 2½ dis.
Kentucky	5 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	25 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	¼ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	30 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK
FOR $1.00.

To meet the times, the *sixty-third* volume of Godey will be sent to subscribers for ONE DOLLAR. This volume comprises the six best numbers of the year, and will contain seven steel engravings, six of the large double extension fashion-plates, and all the winter cloak patterns.

je 22-2t L. A. GODEY,
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I WANT
100 SMART MEN (unemployed) to sell WAR BOOKS. Sure to sell fast, and large profits given. Address
GEORGE EDWARD SEARS,
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"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

FRECKLES.

Of all the effects that exposure of the skin to the air or sun produces, the most disagreeable is called freckles, or tan. If spread over the entire surface of the parts exposed, it is called tan:—if scattered at intervals, freckles. The finest skins are most subject to them. The KALLISTON, prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, contains a peculiar erasive property, which will remove these disagreeable stains. It is at the same time perfectly harmless, allays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful.—*Boston Herald.*

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.
Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

DEATH MAY ENSUE,
Says a distinguished medical writer,
FROM THE USE
OF MINERAL HAIR DYES.
To avoid such a contingency,
USE ONLY
CRISTADORO'S EXCELSOIR DYE,
Proved by the
ANALYSIS OF DR. CHILTON
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WHOLLY FREE FROM POISON.
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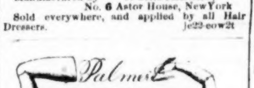

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?
It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

HOME FOR INEBRIATES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*—Sufferers from Alcohol or Opium, send for a circular, giving full information.
ap27-10t T. T. SEELYE, M. D., Proprietor

CEPHALIC PILLS
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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The genuine have five signatures of Henry C Spalding on each Box.

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A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the
PRICE, 25 CENTS
All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
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THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
Mr. SPALDING.
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA.,
January 18, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING.
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.
P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO,
January 9, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,
DEAR SIR:
Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

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Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,
☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜
is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-tf

Homes for the Industrious!
IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE
1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,
In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

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THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

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No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

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Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

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The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,106,396 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 335,598 since which 479,293 have been added; making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouses, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

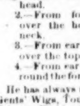
TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.



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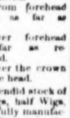

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

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DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS
DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?
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BELLINGHAM'S
CELEBRATED
STIMULATING ONGUENT,
FOR THE WHISKERS AND HAIR.

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THE STIMULATING ONGUENT

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WHISKERS OR A MUSTACHE

in from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp it will cure *baldness*, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions it will turn *red* or *towy* hair *dark* and restore gray hair to its original color—leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "ONGUENT" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it. The subscribers are the only agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price ONE DOLLAR a box, and Postage 15 cts.

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Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

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In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines* are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
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Fine SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO WHOLESALE BUYERS. jan5-13t eow

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a foetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

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Wit and Humor.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

DEAR SIRS:—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate blis, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futer them boys which sez to me "go up old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard individoosally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin Withinto me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the erly part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavurn tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventures, who shood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzurd, but it's grate doins," & then he larfed as if heed kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on on to the bunk whare the hostler sleeps and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller citterzuns, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of there voises. I found the house chock full of pepie. Thare was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery, etsettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continnerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed where I blazed away until Square Bapter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of peple seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Docter Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waying about 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfeck coop de tat," said the skoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editer of the Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislator for a City Charter!"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conspickius place in the next Bugle."

"How redicklus," sed pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possest.

"Wall for my part," sed Jane Maria Peasley, who is the crossest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis Peasley, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I aint."

Sez I, "Mis Peasley, you never will be."

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

WHEREAS, two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & WHEREAS I like this stile, sade Twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Enjine 'Ko. No. 17 who, under the impreshun from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that thare was a konflagráshun goin on, [illegible] galyiantly to the spot but kindly refraned from squirtin.

Resolved, that from the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that great nite & since.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns tords the follerin individoouls, to whit namelee—Mis Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent fur a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editer of the Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty who nobly assisted me in wolluppin my Kangeroo which sagushus little cuss seriusly disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screetchins & kickins up; Mis Hirum Doolittle who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsunses & Watsunses fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures, ARTEMUS WARD.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T FIND THE BELL-ROPE.

A lady why lives next door to the office of a physician, up street, heard considerable "knockin' at the door" one day last week, and wondered why the door-bell was not rung. On opening the door, a verdant and unsophisticated man, of full size and couple of dozen years old, standing on the porch, asked:—

"Does Dr. ——— live anywhere round here?"

"Yes, in that house."

Mr. Green then commenced his "tapping, gently tapping," to inform the doctor he was wanted. The lady suggested that he had better ring the bell. That seemed to strike him at first as a good idea, for he stopped rapping and looked around the porch, casting his eye each way along the side of the house—came down the steps—looked at the porch and house again—went out to the street fence so that he could look on the roof—appeared non-plussed—came back to the porch—looked at the lady who had lingered in her door to see his manoeuvers—looked at her as if he was not quite certain whether it was best to ask or impart information, but after another glance around he exclaimed:—

"I can't find the rope!"

This explained the disappointed look given when he couldn't find a big bell on the top of the house. The lady, with graceful politeness and gentle words sweetly spoken, directed him to pull the bell knob. He slowly pulled it out—held it firm—of course the bell didn't ring—he held on—turning his head, and with a foolish look, said—

"I don't hear anything ring—can't you show me the rope?"

That was too much—she gave up trying to show him the ropes—rang the bell for him—passed him over to the doctor—and retired to tell about "the greenest man she ever did see."—*Dubuque Herald.*

THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:—Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain.

The captain no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned towards him, than picking up the dish, and turning it round, as if to examine the china, he said—

"This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool;" and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself.

"Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish. "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling." And, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself.

The captain looked at the mate; the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed; the mate laughed.

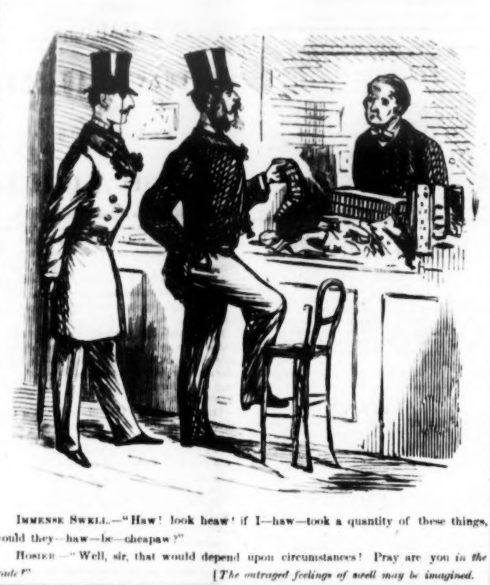
"I'll tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out; so we will just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

PULPIT VERSUS CHOIR.

Ministers often find much fault with their choirs, and one who thinks the choir ought to be permitted to return the complaint, tells the following amusing story:—

In a small country town, located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river, there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, "run completely down." It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually failing. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual, the deacon, of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested the deacon to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very composedly pitched it to another tune, and it was again performed, with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, "Will the minister please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that."

☞ A farmer in southern Illinois, seeing the cannon at Cairo, remarked that "Them brass missionaries had converted a heap of folks."



IMMENSE SWELL.—"Haw! look heaw! if I—haw—took a quantity of these things, would they—haw—be—cheapaw?"

HOSIER.—"Well, sir, that would depend upon circumstances! Pray are you *in the trade*?"

[*The outraged feelings of swell may be imagined.*

ABSENCE OF THE SPARROW IN AMERICA.—One of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's critics speaks of his "lamentations" that the domestic or house sparrow is not to be found in North America. We have referred to the passage in question, and find, not a "lamentation," but a notice of the fact, and, to our mind, a very interesting fact it is. And when we consider that this bird is found in various parts of Europe, North and South, in North Africa, the Levant, the Himalaya mountains, and other parts of India, but is wanting in North America, it is not merely interesting, but highly suggestive, for it points to some climatic influence which may affect that peculiar species of the feathered class.

STRANGE PREVENTATIVE AGAINST INFECTION.—I write this note from a Huntingdonshire village, where there are some cases of small-pox. An old cottager told me that the best way to prevent the disease from spreading was to open the window of the sick room at sunset, in order to admit the knats, who would load themselves with the infection, and then fly forth and die. "Smoking and white-wash and tar-water are fools to them knats," said my informant, who placed the most implicit reliance on his scrap of folk-lore.—*Notes and Queries.*

Agricultural.

WEIGHT OF LIVE STOCK.

A method of ascertaining the true weight of live stock is often of the utmost utility to those who are not experienced judges by the eye. I lately received the following rules and directions with the assurance that they were correct. By them it is said that the weight of live stock can be ascertained within a mere trifle. Farmers can easily determine their practical value and importance:—

Take a string, put it around the beast, standing square, just behind the shoulder-blade; measure on a foot rule the feet and inches the animal is in circumference; this is called the girth. Then with the string measure from the bone of tail which plumbs the line with the hind part of the buttock; direct the line along the back to the fore part of the shoulder-blade; take the dimensions on the foot-rule as before, which is the length, and work the figures in the following manner:—girth, 6 feet 9 inches, length, 6 feet 3 inches, multiplied, makes 33 superficial feet. Now the number of pounds allowed to each superficial foot of all cattle measuring less than *seven* and more than *five* feet girth, is 23, which multiplied into 33 square feet above, makes 33 x 23—759 pounds. Where the animal is less than *nine* and more than *seven* feet in girth, 31 is the number of pounds to each superficial foot.

Again, suppose a pig, or any small beast, should measure two feet in girth and two feet along the back, which multiplied together make four square feet; which multiplied by 11 (the number of pounds allowed for each square foot of animals measuring less than three feet in girth), make 44 pounds.

Again, suppose a calf, or sheep, &c., to be 4 feet 6 inches in girth and 3 feet 9 inches in length, which multiplied together make sixteen and a half square feet; which multiplied by 16 (the number of pounds allowed for each square foot of cattle measuring less than *five* and more than *three* feet in girth), makes 264 pounds.

The weight of cattle taken by this method is near enough to the truth for any computation or valuation of stock. It will answer exactly to the four quarters, sinking the offal, and any man can work it out with a piece of chalk. It is necessary to remember that a deduction of 14 pounds out of 280 must be made for a half-fatted beast, 14 pounds for a cow that has had calves, and another pound for not being properly fat. So affirms one who pretends to know. Let the directions be proved.—WM. A. WHITE.

[The above rules, so far as applicable to cattle, correspond to those laid down in "Benton's Ready Reckoner," which has long been used in England, and is considered by many dealers to be sufficiently accurate in reference to the weight of *beef*, without regard to the hide and tallow.—*Boston Cultivator.*]

WHEAT GROWING COUNTRIES.

A late number of the New York Tribune contains an article on wheat culture, from which it seems ours is not the greatest wheat producing country, both France and Britain exceeding it in average yield. Our last year's crop is assumed to be 180,000 bushels, but the average is probably only 120,000,000—and, as our system of agriculture is exhausting the best lands, a diminution of the yield is anticipated. The average yield of other countries is stated as follows:

France,	191,422,248
Britain,	145,300,000
Two Sicilies,	64,000,000
Canada,	60,470,134
Spain,	46,914,800
Austria,	27,735,568
Sardinia,	19,975,000
Russia, ex. only,	18,921,776
Belgium,	13,350,000
Portugal,	5,500,000
Turkey, ex. only,	4,620,000
Holland,	3,000,000
Denmark,	3,000,000
Sweden and Norway,	1,200,000

Here is an annual production of over 606,000,000 bushels. If the crops of this continent are included, the total may be safely assumed to be 900,000,000, as the unascertained product of Russia and Turkey must be very large. No better evidence of the primary value of the wheat plant to the human family could be given than such an exhibition as this.

MORGAN HORSES.—The origin of the Morgan horse can be traced back as far as 1782. About that time a number of Normandy horses were imported from France into Canada for cavalry purposes by the English Government. A great number of those horses brought fine and durable stock with the cross of the North American Indian pony. Afterwards a large number of them found their way into Vermont. One very fine stallion became the property of Justin Morgan. From this horse a strain of blood can be found all over the Western and New England States, and is now known as the *Morgan*. The Morgan horses are usually very strong, and are much celebrated for their endurance. They are usually well ribbed up, very strongly quartered, with tremendous stifle and gaskin, short back, large flat bone, with good feet. The neck is a little arched, the head clear and free from flesh. They will weigh from eight hundred to a thousand pounds. Some of the Morgan stock horses turned out a number of the fastest trotters of the age. For the road we should decidedly recommend the Morgan horse.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF LARGE APPLICATIONS OF SALT TO THE SOIL.—In the course of a discussion at a meeting of the Highland and Ag. Society of Scotland, some were of the opinion that salt, at the rate of two to three hundred weight to the acre, was efficacious as a remedy for the turnip-fly, while others were as decidedly of the opinion that it did not prevent the attacks of this pest. With regard to salt in the large doses recommended by some—6 cwt. per acre—one member said he had tried it on a crop of mangels, which it completely killed, so completely that he ploughed it down and sowed it to turnips, and it killed the turnips also. Another stated that a similar dose had killed his cabbage.

TO KEEP BUTTER SWEET.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist gives the following directions for preserving butter in good condition for any length of time. In May or June, when butter is plenty, work it thoroughly two or three times, and add at the last working about one grain of saltpetre and a teaspoonful of pulverized loaf sugar to each pound of butter. Pack it tightly in stone jars to within two inches of the top, and fill the remaining space with strong brine. Cover the jars tightly, and bury them in the cellar bottom, where the butter will keep unhurt for a long time.

GOOD ADVICE.—A young Irishman, (placed by his friends as student at a veterinary college) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he could advise?" After considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise to sell as soon as possible."

AN ARAB'S NARRATIVE.

FROM "ARABIAN INCIDENTS."

I was out in search of porcupines, and in my rambles I found myself in a thick brushwood, in which I was occasionally so entangled that I was forced to crawl on all fours. I was just in such a position when I heard something approaching me, and consequently remained motionless. In a few seconds I perceived a gigantic boar clearing his way with his monstrous tusks, by working his head from side to side. I immediately turned my eyes from him to convince him that I had no evil intentions towards him, and he brushed by me with just one or two gentle grunts, signifying that he likewise was peaceably inclined. I took advantage of the path cleared for me by the wild boar, and he did the same of the one I had cleared for him. Scarcely had I time to think of my escape, when I was again startled by sounds of intrusion ahead of me. I was now prepared, as I thought, to meet the boar's dame, and made ready to receive her as I had done her lord. But lo! a huge lion stood within six arms' length of me. I resigned myself to my fate, by bearing testimony to the unity of the Deity and the apostleship of Mohammed, during which time the lion's eyes were instantly fixed upon me. "Cursed be your religion!" said I; "if you are intent on mischief, why do you delay?" These words were lost upon him; for neither would he despatch me, nor leave me. It then struck me that it must be the very lion whom I had pelted with stones, and this thought revived my courage. Addressing him again, I said, "You monstrous pumpkin, you vile and unbelieving wretch, you giant among lambs, and coward among the brave! do you want to exhibit your courage now because I am unarmed, and the hood of my garment not filled with stones? Fie upon you, fie! Depart, and leave the path to a true believer, or—" Scarcely had I finished my sentence than he turned his head from me, evidently ashamed, and instead of following in the track of the black-bristled infidel, he made a fresh one for himself, and I was enabled to continue my course without any further adventure.

☞ A correspondent of the Traveller says that most of the shirts made for the volunteers are from four to six inches too short; and adds that:—

Like a man without a wife,
Like a ship without a sail,
The most useless thing in life
Is a shirt without a tail!

Useful Receipts.

INK.—A domestic receipt for extracting ink-spots from colored articles of linen, wool, and similar fabrics. It is simply to rinse the part so stained in fresh milk, changing the milk as often as necessary until the stain disappears. As a finale, wash out the milk in pure rain-water.

HOME-MADE VINEGAR.—Every housekeeper with a yard or garden, on which the sun shines the greater portion of the day in summer, should make her own vinegar; it is so good, so cheaply made, and, above all, so pure and wholesome. Put one and a quarter pounds of brown sugar to one gallon of water: boil it as long as any scum rises, which should be taken off as fast as it comes to the surface. When milk-warm, or say at a temperature of 60 or 65 degrees, dip a slice of toast in yeast and put in the liquid, which should then be put into a pan or tub to work for one day, then be put into a cask, which should be painted outside to keep it from being injured by the weather. The cask should then be placed on bricks, to keep it from the ground, in a sunny place; a piece of coarse muslin should be nailed over the bung-hole, and a tile placed on it to keep out the rain. If the simple brewing is done in April or early in May, the vinegar is fit for use in October following. It is good for pickling and all family uses.—*English paper.*

BREAD MAKING.—One of the best London bakers gives the following receipt to make a superior loaf of bread, of what is called a half-peck size:

"To make a half peck loaf, take three-quarters of a pound of well-boiled mealy potatoes and mash them through a fine cullender or coarse sieve, add one-eighth of a pint of yeast, (about two table-spoonfuls,) or three-quarters of an ounce of German dried yeast, and one pint and three-quarters of lukewarm water, (88 degrees Fahr.,) together with about three-quarters of a pound of flour, to render the mixture the consistence of thin batter; this mixture should be set aside to ferment; if placed in a warm situation, it will rise in less than two hours, when it will resemble yeast in appearance, except as to color. The sponge so made is then to be mixed with one pint of water, nearly blood-warm, viz., 92 degrees Fahr., and poured into half a peck of flour, which has previously had one ounce and a quarter of salt mixed with it; the whole should then be kneaded into dough, and allowed to rise in a warm place for two hours, when it should be kneaded into loaves and baked. The object of adding the mashed potatoes is to increase the amount of fermentation in the sponge, which it does to a very remarkable degree, and, consequently, renders the bread lighter and better."

INTERESTING TO VOLUNTEERS.—The following prescription for diarrhœa and symptoms of cholera was used by the troops during the Mexican war with great success. It will be found very useful at this time:

Laudanum, two ounces.
Spirits of camphor, two ounces.
Essence of peppermint, two ounces.
Hoffman's anodyne, two ounces.
Tincture of Cayenne pepper, two drachms.
Tincture of ginger, one ounce.

Mix all together. Dose—a tablespoonful in a little water. Will check diarrhœa in ten minutes, and abate other premonitory symptoms of cholera immediately. In cases of cholera it has been used with great success to restore reaction by outward application.

The Riddler.

TAUTALOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 40, 2, 14, 10, 20, 36, 7, 43, 22, 12, is a teacher of much repute in Philadelphia.
My 11, 4, 18, 3, 34, is the plural of a word signifying to retain.
My 16 is either A or B.
My 17, 13, 44, 42, is an affectionate appellation.
My 15, 9, 50, 31, 48, 39, is a place to learn.
My 27, 28, 45, is a conjunction.
My 30, 47, 25, 37, 21, are not wise.
My 35, 6, 26, 33, is the inclination.
My 38, 51, 19, 5, 46, we should always endeavor to do.
My 41, 29, is a preposition.
My 8, 24, is an adjective.
My 32, 49, 23, 1, 52, is correlative to each.
My whole is a very true saying.

"RELTUB."

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 21, 12, 5, 23, is one of the United States.
My 26, 29, 20, 23, 8, 9, 30, 32, 17, is a river in Pennsylvania.
My 25, 26, 16, 16, 31, 10, 4, 5, is a county in Virginia.
My 11, 23, 10, 7, 11, 12, 7, 10, is a volcano in Italy.
My 3, 6, 19, is a river in Europe.
My 22, 31, 7, 10, 12, 7, is an island in the Eastern part of Asia.
My 2, 25, 18, 13, 15, is a bay in the western part of South America.
My 24, 25, 30, 14, 25, 21, 27, is an island in Oceanica.
My 28, 23, 16, 7, is a State is South America.
My whole was a glorious achievement of the Americans.

WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 2, 11, 5, 2, 15, is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 17, 7, 9, 14, is a town in Japan.
My 3, 6, 8, 17, 2, 11, is a county in Virginia.
My 4, 2, 13, 13, is a county in Kentucky.
My 5, 2, 10, 3, 15, is a county in Tennessee.
My 6, 12, 17, 18, is one of the points of the compass.
My 7, 13, 14, 1, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 8, 16, 1, 12, 5, is a county in Texas.
My whole is a country and its capitol.

Millersburg, Illinois.

HENRY JAMES WALTER.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mountain in Asia.
A country in Asia.
A strait in Europe.
An oasis in Africa.
A county in Kentucky.
A county in North Carolina.
A city in New York.
A group of islands in Europe.
A sea in Asia.

The initials form a city in Europe, and my finals the place and situation.

F. R. WALLACE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When open it is that you may go through,
And as many more as want to.
It may be seen in any land,
And was a very deceitful man.

SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

S. Baine.	Nina Lomet.
Sam K. Gone.	Sallie B. Whatt.
K. O. A. Orne.	Nat Miser.
J. O. Scot.	Ben Tiras.
Walter Race.	Stela C. Wren.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two towers, standing on level ground, their bases being 64 feet apart; but the higher tower overlooks the lower tower 8 feet. Now supposing a ladder, set down with its feet on the solid ground between these two towers, is just found of sufficient length to reach to the top of the higher tower, and without moving it at the ground, if leaned over against the lower tower, is also found just of sufficient length to reach to the top of this lower tower. With this it is expected there are sufficient data given to find the length of the ladder and the height of each tower. Who can find these answers?

DANIEL DIEFFENBACH.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a man, employed in counting money from a heap, in 6 minutes counts $400, and continues at the work 10 hours each day, how many days will it take him to count a million.

PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What trade was the man who killed William Rufus? Ans.—A Bill sticker.

☞ Why may butchers be considered very unscrupulous? Ans.—Because they sell their skins.

☞ Why may a tailor be considered anything but an epicure? Ans.—Because his "goose" is not stuffed, and his "cabbage" is of any color.

☞ What book may be read either backwards or otherwise with equal ease, pleasure, and benefit? Ans.—The dictionary.

☞ Why is this last conundrum like the captain of a baggage train? Ans.—It brings up the rear!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—A great deal of useful and instructive reading. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"God save liberty and my country forever." RIDDLE—Bay. RIDDLE—H. Hamlin. CHARADE—Flintshire.

HIGH LIVING.—Sir Walter Scott observes that fine company and fine living are very well for a time, but to be kept to it makes one feel like a poodle dog compelled to stand for ever on his hind legs.